

NEW STATESMAN

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Editor: Bruce Page; Deputies: Christopher Hird, Anna Coote; Political Editor: Peter Kellner; London Editorial Staff: Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour; Northern Editor: Rob Rohrer; Irish Editor: Mary Holland; Associate Editor: Godfrey Hodgson; Education: Rick Rogers; Literary & Arts Editor: David Caute; Editorial Assistant: Gillian Wilce; Art Editor: Vicky Hutchings; Deputy: Leigh Hughes; Chief Executive: Johnny Johnson; General Manager: Peter Jones; Assistant General Manager: Joanne Hurst; Advertisement Manager: Michael Roberts; Classified Manager: Stephen Mitchell; Circulation Manager: Les Sharp; Circulation Sales Manager: Tim Freeman; Northern Circulation Sales Manager: Liz Cooper; Accountant: Ted Peacock

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Contempt of court and abuse of power

THE CASE of the Home Office against Harriet Harman, in which judgment was delivered this week, is a vivid illustration of the theme of Lord Denning's Dibleby lecture: abuse of power.

The first abuse lies in the establishment of prison control units in furtive defiance of the Prison Rules. Harriet Harman obtained the controversial documents by legal order in the course of a case which ultimately established that the Home Office had broken its own rules. The judge declined to award damages, on the grounds that these 'rules', however much the Home Office quotes them when denying prisoners' rights, are not legally enforceable. This ruling hardly bears out Lord Denning's romantic notion of judges as guardians of liberty — especially since the decision was supported by one of Lord Denning's own judgments.

The second abuse of power was the attitude adopted by the Home Office in refusing to disclose its internal memoranda. An individual who had been detained in a control unit was seeking to establish that his rights had been infringed, and the documents were relevant to proving his case. In the interests of justice they should have been disclosed. But the Home Office fought tooth and nail against such a result: the secrecy of its internal cabals was more important than fairness to a litigant. Only the support of the legal aid scheme, and the order of another judge — one prepared to live up to Lord Denning's rhetoric — enabled Harriet Harman to puncture this bureaucratic contempt for the rights of the individual.

The third abuse of power was the decision to proceed against Harriet Harman for contempt of court — in order, the Home Office now admits, to 'clarify the law'. If laws are uncertain, there is only one place in a democracy where they should be clarified, and that place is Parliament. It so happened that the government already had the right vehicle for clarification: a brand new Contempt Bill, announced in last week's Queen's Speech. Why not insert a clause to protect documents read out in open court from subsequent scrutiny by reporters with defective shorthand or weak bladders? Could it be, perhaps, because the Home Office knew that such a proposition would be laughed out of the Commons, but would not necessarily be laughed out of court?

Asking the courts, rather than Parliament, to create new offences is, of course, an abuse much committed by civil servants, under the guise of seeking 'clarification' of the law. The victim of this exercise is the purse either of the taxpayer or of the chosen scapegoat. Tens of thousands of pounds of public money have recently been squandered in attempts to stretch the law of contempt to punish the *Leveller* for revealing the obvious name of Colonel B, and the *New Statesman* for its interview with a Thorpe juror. It is all very well for the Home Office to claim that it is not pursuing a vendetta against the National Council for Civil Liberties, but the cleanest way to liquidate a critic is to put it into liquidation. The Home Office knows very well that the NCCL cannot afford this legal bill, especially if the case goes to appeal. Herein lies the fourth abuse of power.

COUNSEL for the Home Office opened its case, not with legal argument, but with an announcement which bore the hallmarks of a polished press release. The Home Office, he declared, had no intention of muzzling the

press. But his arguments gave the game away. He admitted that the press could have obtained the contents of the documents by ordering a transcript of the five-week trial. But to give the press direct access to the documents themselves might — horror of horrors — mean that the contents of the documents could be 'more widely disseminated'. There would be an 'open season' in discovered documents (the language of the grouse moors is seldom far from the lips of Treasury counsel).

Ms Harman's offence was that her action assisted 'a critical piece based on a selection of the documents to make a point generally critical of Home Office practices'. Lawyers should not be permitted to show publicly-declared documents to journalists, because this would 'greatly increase the prospects of wider public dissemination very likely of a critical nature'.

So there you have it. It is the criticism which makes the contempt, not as a matter of law but as a matter of the practice of those with power and money to invoke the law to silence their critics. If the documents had revealed not a breach of the prison rules but a careful concern with the liberty of the subject, it would still (on the Home Office legal argument) have been a contempt to reveal them — but would the Home Office have dreamed of objecting? It is unfavourable publicity they fear, and they will use their power to suppress it. That is the fifth abuse of power. It is the mentality which locks up little children for explaining that the emperor has no clothes.

Lord Denning believes the judges should correct abuses of power, especially if committed by trade unions, the media, and Labour governments which might wish to pack the Lords. He and his colleagues are quick to locate abuses when the government retrospectively increases TV licence fees, or local councils try to phase out grammar schools. When the victim is neither wealthy nor middle class, the record is less impressive. Campaigning organisations, the press and Members of Parliament have safeguarded personal liberty rather better than the judiciary.

There is one part of the courtroom, however, where personal liberty has remained paramount. It is the jury box. Contempt is the only serious crime which remains triable by judges alone — and by judges acting very much in their own cause. An amendment should be made to the government's new Contempt Bill, so that future Harriet Harman can be tried by their peers, and the Home Office will have to submit its cases to the judgment of common people and common sense.

NEXT WEEK

Inside Afghanistan
Who's winning the war?

Fred Halliday reports

Parliament of Fools, Part II

by Michael Meacher



Rob Rohrer reports on new developments in Ripper inquiry

Change of tack after victim 13

BY HIS repeated utterances that the search for the Ripper was a 'personal thing between him and me' George Oldfield, the West Yorkshire Assistant Chief Constable who led the hunt until this week, appeared to have persuaded himself of the irrefutable authenticity of the 'Ripper' tape and letters sent from Sunderland. Certainly, to many of his officers he had demonstrated a powerfully inflexible attitude, best reflected in the way he privately shunned the opinions of psychiatrists several years ago.

'If we do get him we'll probably find he's had too long on the left breast and not enough on the right', said Oldfield after one press conference. 'But it keeps the public happy.'

The 'personal thing', however, ended on Tuesday when Oldfield was relieved of day to day supervision of the murder inquiries. Thirteen murders, a bungled dismissing of Jacqueline Hill's handbag as lost property, and renewed public disquiet, forced West Yorkshire to re-shuffle its Ripper squad and appoint an advisory group of senior investigators from outside the force. Among them is the relatively unknown David Gerty who Assistant Chief Constable last year when he achieved some controversy last year when he failed to interview crucial eyewitnesses during the Jimmy Kelly inquiry.

The first task of this group must be to

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review Oldfield's key strategies: his elimination procedures (critically regarded by some Ripper squad detectives) and particularly his volatile public relations policy, which in the end has fostered only confusion.

Northern police forces are still guided by Oldfield's unqualified conviction that the Sunderland messages are from the murderer. Their instructions are set out in a confidential report from West Yorkshire police.

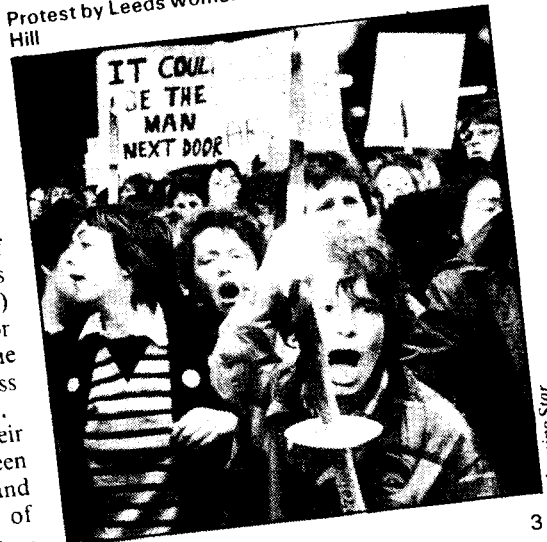
SUSPECTS, according to this, can be eliminated using one of five key criteria: if they were not born between 1924-59; if they are obviously coloured; if their blood group is not B; if their shoe size is larger than 9; and if their accent is not Geordie. There is no warning that if the Sunderland correspondence is not from the Ripper two of the criteria are invalid. If, as one theory has it, the murderer of Joan Harrison (from whose body scientists discovered her attacker's rare B blood group) sent the letters and claimed responsibility for the killings he did not commit, it follows the murderer of another 12 women could pass unsuspected because his blood group is not B.

The weakness the letters exhibit when their authenticity is challenged has already been outlined (NS 12 Sept. 1980). Northumberland police — faced with the considerable cost of locating the man with the Wearside accent —

prepared their own report on the Sunderland connection. According to one CID chief it came down '98 per cent certain' that the letters were genuine. At the same time a linguistics expert warned them the taped voice might not be easy to identify, because of a mixture of styles on the tape — ad-libbing, memorised delivery, and perhaps some evidence that the speaker had lived away from Sunderland for a time.

Clearly, though, the police have at least two major inquiries on their hands — to find the killer and the author of the Sunderland messages. And both will be jeopardised if two lines of logic, necessarily separate, are drawn across each other.

Protest by Leeds women after death of Jacqueline Hill



Some detectives are worried that the same instructions from West Yorkshire stress that wherever possible there is no 'direct approach to the individual'. It is possible, says the report, to eliminate by way of inquiries at a suspect's workplace and for 'samples of cursive handwriting to be forwarded to the incident room'. Skeptical detectives say that any samples surreptitiously obtained might not be in the suspect's hand.

The other task facing the advisory group is to help mend West Yorkshire's bridges to the public. Earlier this year Scotland Yard Commander Jim Neville made the sensible comment that 'the public have got to help'. Last week the *Northern Echo* revealed that

West Yorkshire police thought the public response to its nationwide advertising campaign had produced '100 per cent rubbish'. This view, expressed earlier in the year, had led West Yorkshire to its now discredited retreat from the public domain, intent on 'starving the Ripper of publicity' and starving the population of an array of forensic detail which might, if properly released, have triggered the crucial flash of recognition.

The police have also chosen to withhold the name of the Yorkshire town mentioned in the Ripper's first letters where he indicates he might kill again. Their reasons cannot be that it would needlessly scare the town's populace. For last week's hoax call to the *Daily Mirror*

warning of a further killing in Leeds was not conclusively ruled out by the police until this week — even though a dialect expert had discounted it as a fake within hours of hearing it. The *Mirror* nevertheless preferred to rush into print with its 'Ripper threat?' story first — then ask the questions.

The procedure was identical with an obvious hoax call made earlier this year to the *Mirror*. Even on Tuesday of this week the latest hoax was still being regarded as possibly genuine by the *Guardian*, which quoted police officers' uncertainty. The result is that Friday 28th is now firmly fixed in media diaries as the day to watch Leeds to see if a 'Ripper' will carry out his threat.

Frances Wheen on the further erosion of habeas corpus

Can we trust the judges?

LAST THURSDAY Lord Denning argued that judges should be able to interfere with government decisions on occasions when there has been an abuse of executive power. 'Someone must be trusted,' he said. 'Let it be the judges.'

Two days later Mohammed Zamir was deported from London to Rawalpindi. His case shows clearly why Lord Denning and his colleagues, on present form, should *not* be trusted to preserve our liberties. In particular it illustrates how the ancient writ of habeas corpus, one of our most potent protections against abuse of executive power, has been quietly abolished by recent governments with the connivance of the most senior judges in the land.

In December 1972 Zamir applied in Islamabad for permission to join his father, who has lived in Britain since 1962. As is usual in these matters, there was a long delay; but clearance was eventually granted in November 1975, by which time Zamir was 18 years old. In February 1976 he married, and the following month he set off for Britain on his own. When young Pakistanis emigrate to Britain, their parents often arrange a wedding just before the departure to ensure that their child marries into the Pakistani community.

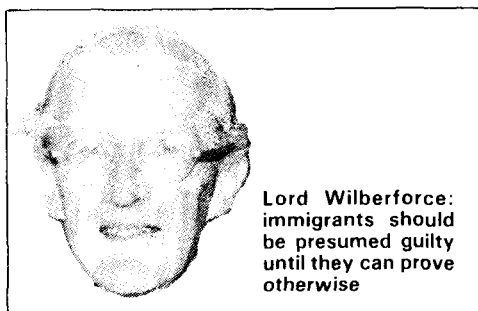
Zamir had never been told by British officials in Pakistan that his entry clearance certificate would become invalid if he wed, and when he arrived at Heathrow he was not asked about it: the immigration officers checked his papers and allowed him through. He went to join his father in Birmingham without any reason to suppose that his entry was not in order.

Zamir lived happily in England for over two years until, in July 1978, his wife, still in Islamabad, applied for an entry clearance certificate to join her husband. The British immigration staff in Pakistan informed the Home Office, which got in touch with Zamir and told him that, by failing to mention his marriage when he arrived at Heathrow, he had entered Britain by deception and was thus an illegal immigrant. On 2 October 1978 he was detained in Winson Green Prison, Birmingham.

After three weeks in prison, Zamir was granted legal aid. He applied to the divisional court for a writ of habeas corpus. The hearing was adjourned to give the Home Office time to prepare its case. After two and a half months in prison, and with the habeas corpus application still unheard, Zamir's lawyer managed to have his client released on bail on 18 December 1978. On 14 March 1979 the divisional court at last

heard Zamir's case, and dismissed it. Nine months later the Court of Appeal also rejected his application. Finally, Zamir went to the House of Lords, where, on 17 July this year, he lost again. There was then a slight delay while Zamir's MP, Sheila Wright, and the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants pleaded with the Home Office, but these appeals were fruitless. Zamir was ordered out of the country.

THE JUDGMENT of the House of Lords was delivered by Lord Wilberforce. (None of the



other four law lords who heard the case — Dilhorne, Salmon, Fraser and Russell — troubled to make a speech.) Wilberforce began by outlining the facts of the case and then produced the most extraordinary throwaway line:

In these circumstances the appellant applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* and it is for him to show that his detention is unlawful.

Lord Wilberforce states this as though it is an unchallenged and long-established procedure. In truth it is quite the reverse. The whole point of the writ of habeas corpus was that it put the burden on the *detainer* to explain why she or he was detaining someone without trial.

This centuries-old procedure was abandoned only in 1976, when, in the case of *Hussain*, Lord Widgery ruled that the burden of proof should be on the detained person. And it was quite some burden; the prisoner (who, in most such cases, is an immigrant) had to show that no reasonable person in the same position would have acted in the same way as the Home Secretary, and that there was no evidence whatsoever on which the Home Secretary could have acted in that way. In other words Lord Widgery decided (and Lord Wilberforce has now confirmed) that immigrants are to be presumed guilty unless they can prove otherwise.

There is a further twist. Until recently it was accepted that, when hearing a habeas corpus application, a court should not only check

whether a detention was (superficially) legal but also inquire into the reasons which caused the detention. This aspect of a habeas corpus hearing is especially necessary today, when a battery of laws has given the Home Secretary enormous discretion in a number of areas. The greater the powers granted to the executive, the greater the need for an independent judicial review of complaints about misuse of these powers. Yet, in practice, the opposite has happened. When the Home Secretary locks someone in a secure hospital under the Mental Health Act, and that person then applies for a writ of habeas corpus, the court does not trouble to ascertain whether the person is in the mental condition which is necessary for the Home Secretary to use this power. Instead, judges have used the following undefeatable argument: the Home Secretary has the power to lock people up; the Home Secretary has done so; therefore the detention is legal. The European Commission of Human Rights, in its recent examination of Britain's Mental Health Act (see NS 31 October), was particularly critical of this judicial abdication of responsibility.

Lord Wilberforce's judgment in *Zamir* reinforced this 'see no evil' approach. Charles Blake, a law lecturer who was present throughout the House of Lords hearing, recalled afterwards the words used by a law lord in the 1977 case brought by the Labour government against Tameside council, over the council's refusal to turn its schools comprehensive: the lord said that sometimes a statute

is framed in a 'subjective' form — if the Secretary of State is 'satisfied'. This form of section is quite well known, and at first sight might seem to exclude judicial review . . . [But] if a judgment requires, before it can be made, the existence of some facts, then, although the evaluation of those facts, is for the Secretary of State alone, the court must inquire whether those facts exist, and have been taken into account, whether the judgment has been made upon a proper self-direction as to those facts . . .

In other words, the court must decide not just whether the Secretary has power to act, but whether the circumstances of the case justify use of that power. The noble Lord arguing in favour of the courts' investigative role in such cases was none other than Lord Wilberforce — the same man who, in *Zamir*, said that 'the nature and process of decision conferred upon immigration officers by existing legislation is incompatible with any requirements for the establishment of precedent objective facts whose existence the court may verify'. If Lord Wilberforce now believes, as he claims to, that the courts are incapable of establishing the truth of a simple 'fact', such as whether someone is an illegal immigrant, should we 'trust' them to do anything else?

Mick Hamer

Success for a socialist transport policy

DO SUBSIDIES cause inefficiency and feather-bedding? Norman Fowler, the Tory transport minister believes that they do. Figures — previously unpublished — from two Yorkshire bus services suggest that they do not. West and South Yorkshire are two adjacent local authorities with similar social and economic characteristics, especially in car ownership and population density. In 1974 they both embarked on sharply different transport policies. South Yorkshire decided to peg fares, covering cost increases from the rates; West Yorkshire decided to try and reduce subsidies by increasing fares.

Today it costs 10p to travel 5 miles on South Yorkshire's bus service, compared with 50p to travel the same distance in West Yorkshire. Last year 64 per cent of South Yorkshire's income was in the form of subsidy, compared with 21 per cent in West Yorkshire. Put another way, each passenger cost the rate-payers of West Yorkshire 5p, compared with 10p in South Yorkshire.

The effect of the pricing policy has been to increase the number of passengers on South Yorkshire's buses — probably the only area in the country where this has happened. And one of the effects of this increase in business is that South Yorkshire gives better value for money on every commonly accepted measure of efficiency (see table).

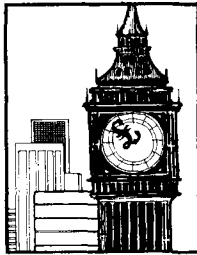
Nationally, South Yorkshire is one of the most efficient bus operators in the metropolitan areas as well as having the lowest fares. Although increased passenger traffic reduces average costs, it also appears that it is easier to improve operational efficiency in an expanding business, where morale is high. In West Yorkshire morale is bound to fall further over the next few months as the latest fare rise is accompanied by a 10 per cent cut in bus mileage and a 20 per cent cut in the workforce.

Only the Lothian region in Scotland is following South Yorkshire's example — though the Labour Party in London is committed to freezing fares if it wins the local elections next May. There will be strong opposition from the government however: even under Labour Bill Rodgers took away South Yorkshire's supplementary grant as a penalty for not increasing fares.

But South Yorkshire's policy is in line with much European practice. A recent study showed that Italy, Belgium and the Netherlands provided more subsidy than South Yorkshire and six countries provided more than West Yorkshire's 21 per cent. Even in America the average subsidy is between 40 and 50 per cent.

The best-value bus service		
	South Yorks	West Yorks
Cost of carrying each passenger	16p	23p
No of passengers carried per member of staff	52,000	38,000
Average number of passengers per bus	18	13
Cost of running one bus one mile	£1.19	£1.33
No of bus miles per member of staff	7,000	6,600
No of miles travelled by each bus per year	34,000	29,000
No of passengers carried	(million)	
1974/5	239	305
1975/6	241	286
1976/7	246	258
1977/8	236*	248
1978/9	251	224*
1979/80	261	229*

*Figures affected by strike



Peter Kellner, Political Editor

What Sir Geoffrey really means

The facts below are all real. Only the language has been changed to make the Chancellor sound intelligent.

WITH PERMISSION, Mr Speaker, I wish to make a statement about the mess we're in today.

First I must tell the House that the Government's monetary strategy is in ruins. At the time of my budget last March, money supply had risen by 12 per cent in a year. Introducing the Government's medium-term strategy I said: 'At its heart is a target for a steadily declining growth of the money supply.' The target I announced for 1980-81 was a growth rate of 7-11 per cent, including the effects of removing the 'corset' restrictions on private bank lending.

It is now clear that total money supply is growing at a rate of about 20 per cent. As soon as it became clear how far off course we were, I decided to shift my ground and exclude the effect of removing the corset, in order to make the figures look better than they are. The trouble is, though, that your guess of the size of that effect is as good as mine; so while you will hear me talk from now on about the 'underlying' growth in money supply, we do not really know what that figure is, except that it is still way over the top.

Which brings me to my next broken promise. In March I said I would roll forward the money supply targets this autumn, when we knew how things were going. Monetarist policies, after all, require that people understand clearly where the Government intends the money supply figures to head over the next six to twelve months. Well, I am ducking the issue. You are getting no new target figures from me until next spring.

I TURN NOW to public spending. We have been busy telling the press that we are cutting back next year's spending plans by £1 billion. Do you know something — they took us at our word! The fact of the matter is that overall we are now planning next year's public spending to be £1.3 billion higher than we expected last March. It is true that various savings totalling £1,060 million are being made; and our contribution to the Common Market budget will be £650 million lower, as a result of the deal the Prime Minister struck during the summer.

But elsewhere we are now planning for £3 billion more public spending than we were expecting before. £510 million of this involves policy decisions to soften the recession. Getting on for £1.5 billion more will be needed by the nationalised industries: don't be fooled by the £620 million figure published by the Treasury today — it excludes steel. And the final billion pounds will pay for the extra 500,000 unemployed we are now expecting.

Since, in addition, the recession will deepen next year, causing the gross domestic product to fall, the share of government expenditure

in GDP will rise for the second year running, and will be significantly higher than during the final two years of the last Labour Government. So much for our election manifesto statement that 'the state takes too much of the nation's income; its share must be steadily reduced'.

YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT that higher government spending and a rapidly rising money supply — even though we didn't intend them — would have prevented a recession. What we have in fact done, and it really is rather cunning, is ensure the worst of both worlds. In trying to be tough with money, we have pushed up interest rates, and hence sterling, and so made British industry hopelessly uncompetitive. Looking back, we should have kept interest rates down and penalised foreign holders of sterling to counter the effects of North Sea oil; instead we have compounded the oil effect, and given industry a drubbing.

On public spending, we have gone about our task in such a way that we manage both to overspend and reduce employment. We have done this by spending less and less on direct public services — which means jobs, like dustmen and school-teachers in the public sector, and construction workers in the private sector — and more and more on simply financing the costs of recession: paying unemployment benefit and footing some of the losses of nationalised industries, whose markets are being shot to pieces.

To take a notional example: it makes little difference to government borrowing whether the average public sector worker is in work or unemployed. When you do all the sums, for income tax, national insurance, unemployment benefit and so on, they almost balance.

Now there are people who say that things are not all bad; for example, aren't our exports actually holding up rather well? I am sorry to tell the House they are not. According to the Treasury's latest figures, our manufacturing exports are running two per cent lower than last year's levels — even though our export markets have grown by 8 per cent. In other words, we have lost ten per cent of our share of trade in our export markets in just 12 months.

Nor are things looking any brighter for next year. Our export markets are expected to grow by only three per cent, and the continuing high level of sterling means that manufacturing exports will decline still further.

On the home front, profits are in a dreadful state, as shareholders and company directors on this side of the House know only too well. I am afraid profit margins next year look like being even tighter.

Finally, Mr Speaker, I am cutting the Minimum Lending Rate by two per cent. There is no economic logic in this decision, but it might distract attention from the analysis above.

Apartheid, British style

FEMALE WORKERS are commonly segregated from male workers — and this is thought to be one of the main reasons why the Equal Pay Act hasn't worked. After all, a woman can't get equal pay if there isn't a man at her workplace with whom she can claim parity. But how widespread is job segregation? How rigid is it? And in what areas of work does it most occur? A new study* reveals that male and female workers are separated from each other to a remarkable extent. Forty-five per cent of women work in totally segregated jobs, as do about 75 per cent of men. Less than a third of women are in 'integrated' jobs — where no more than three-quarters of the people doing the job in one workplace are of the same sex.

The study is based on 764 establishments, each with 11 or more employees, covering all sectors except agriculture, mining, quarrying, construction, public administration and defence. It identifies a range of factors — from working hours to employers' attitudes — which ensure that men continue to enjoy more pay, better conditions and better job opportunities than women. And it thus confirms much of the speculation which has been going on in the past two or three years, as people have sought to explain why the gap between male and female earnings has grown wider, not narrower.

Table One shows how men and women are distributed between well-paid and poorly-paid categories of work. Not only are women concentrated at the bottom of the scale, but they are also excluded entirely from many of the higher-paid jobs. A breakdown of specific non-manual jobs shows that more than three-quarters of employers in the survey hire men exclusively as marketing sales managers, physical scientists and mathematicians, while more than half employ only men as general managers, accountants and technical sales staff. Employers admit that women would not be considered (if they applied) for 20 per cent of all jobs currently done by men alone; and that they would have an unequal chance competing for a further 29 per cent of 'men-only' jobs. Table Two shows the reasons employers give for not hiring women.

MEN WORK longer basic hours, more shifts and more overtime, and all these serve to increase their take-home pay. Forty per cent of women and only 27 per cent of men work a basic week of 35-39 hours, compared with 48 per cent of women and 65 per cent of men who put in between 44 and 48 basic hours. The authors point out that the Factory Acts (which bar women from night work, some shift sys-

1 Men are still in charge		
	Percentage of workforce in each category filled by	
	Men	Women
Foremen, supervisors	95	5
Skilled manual jobs	91	9
Professional & scientific staff	89	11
Employers, managers	87	13
Intermediate non-manual jobs (e.g. lab technicians)		
Unskilled manual jobs	56	44
Semi-skilled manual jobs	55	45
Junior non-manual jobs (e.g. secretaries, telephonists, shop assistants)		
Personal service (e.g. waiters, hotel staff, hairdressers, domestics)	29	71
	18	82

2 Why employers don't hire women	
Where particular jobs were filled only by men in a given establishment, the employer was asked why women were excluded from those jobs. The figures show the answers, as a percentage of employers asked this follow-up question.	
No women have applied	43%
Women are not strong enough	27%
Union objections	8%
Difficulties over self-working	6%

tems and long hours of overtime) regularly affect only 21 per cent of jobs in the survey. They therefore conclude: 'It does not appear that shift working is a major obstacle to women's employment opportunities, nor that it has a great effect on differential earnings between men and women.'

Overtime, on the other hand, makes a big difference (with almost twice as many men as women engaged in it); so does the preponderance of part-timers in the female workforce. In six years, the proportion of employers who have female part-timers in their workforce has risen from 79 to 88 per cent. A test case is now before the European Court which seeks to establish whether the Equal Pay Act allows a woman to be paid less than a man *pro rata* when she is doing the same work, but on a part-time basis (and it is surprising enough that this is still an open question). In fact, the study shows that more than four-fifths of part-time women get the same rates as full-timers. But they lose out badly over sick pay and pensions. Though more

3 How biased are the bosses?						
Employers' views of how well men and women perform at work						
(figures show percentage of all employers surveyed)	Men better than women			Women better than men		
	1973	1979	Change	1973	1979	Change
Not taking days off for sickness	53	42	-11	5	6	+1
Not taking days off for other reasons	47	69	+22	10	2	-8
Staying with one firm	44	18	-26	15	23	+8
Being punctual	31	19	-12	15	12	-3
Working safely	22	5	-17	24	11	-13
Carrying out instructions	13	2	-11	18	12	-6
Working hard	12	3	-9	16	12	-4
Working conscientiously	11	4	-7	26	14	-12

than 70 per cent of employers offer sick pay and pension schemes which go beyond the provisions of the state, part-timers are eligible for only 14 per cent of these pension schemes, and for 33 per cent of the sick pay arrangements.

Methods of recruitment and training leave women at a disadvantage, too. As the authors explain, discrimination against women in formal methods of recruitment — such as job advertising and employment agencies — is now prohibited by law. However, informal methods, involving contact with employees (who are likely to be male, especially in the case of higher-paid jobs) tend to fall outside the scope of legislation — and it is here that sex discrimination can easily occur: 66 per cent of women and 44 per cent of men are recruited by formal methods, compared with 21 per cent of women and 36 per cent of men by informal methods.

Equal numbers of women and men take advantage of on-the-job training, but men get far more off-site and off-the-job training (17 per cent, compared with seven per cent of women), which tends to be more expensive, and more relevant to promotion.

Employers show an alarming degree of complacency in this area. Half of them claim there has never been any discrimination in their establishment, and 27 per cent insist there is no need for change. They have modified their perceptions about male and female performance at work and now claim there are fewer differences between the sexes. The main exception, as Table Three shows, concerns taking days off work for reasons other than sickness. The General Household Survey (HMSO, 1977) has confirmed that women do *not* take more days off work than men — for sickness or any other reasons — so it would appear that the employers' view may spring from prejudice, not fact.

The number of employers who believe more women should occupy senior jobs has declined slightly in six years (from 46 to 44 per cent), although more now think women should have training for skilled jobs. Fewer of them now believe there is anything they or the government can do to promote equality any further. And Table Four shows they are still very ready to blame women themselves for under achievement.

*An enquiry into the employment of women, funded jointly by the Equal Opportunities Commission and the SSRC, and carried out by IFF Research Limited. Reported in *Employment Gazette*, Department of Employment, November 1980.

4 Why women don't reach the top			
Employers' views of why few women rise to senior positions or do skilled work			
(Figures show percentage of all employers surveyed)	1973	1979	Change
Reasons relating to women themselves			
Not career conscious	37	39	+2
Break in working life	23	14	-9
Change jobs too often; unreliable	20	2	-18
Family ties; unwilling/unable to take responsibility	16	26	+10
Others	22	6	-16
Other reasons			
Male prejudice/management discrimination	21	7	-14
Attitude of society/tradition	15	24	+9
Less chance to train	15	6	-9
Others	6	5	-1

How long can we go on running the most cost-effective major railway in Europe?

COST EFFECTIVE?

No railway in Western Europe is *wholly* self-financing.

However, in Britain 71.2% of our costs (based on 1977 data) are covered by fares and charges—the highest net contribution to the cost of running a major railway in Western Europe.

Only Sweden, with a relatively small rail network, has a higher self-financing ratio than our own.

A MARKETING ACHIEVEMENT

Here in Britain, where fares are comparatively high, more people are travelling by train than would be expected.

Passenger sales mileage in 1979 was the highest recorded in Britain since 1961, when the network was 30% bigger, and

there were less than half as many cars on the road.

The reasons are varied, but, in part:

We have a more extensive range of alternative fares—Awayday; Weekend Return; Senior Citizen, Student and Family Railcards; and the rates vary between routes according to market conditions and quality.

No other railway has adopted market pricing to this extent.

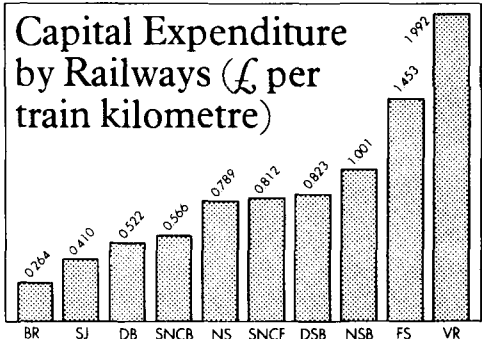
Our continued growth is, therefore, a measure of our commercial ingenuity.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

A recent study of European railways, based on 1977 data, showed that, apart from Sweden,* the relative contribution *our* community makes to the cost of rail travel is *the lowest*.

This level of contribution was pegged in 1975 and since then, in real terms, it has declined.

Most crucially, the level of investment—(see chart) that is, expenditure on renovation, replacement and improvement for the future—is *also* the lowest in Europe. The repercussions are obvious, as too many of our customers know.



Unfortunately, today we are running the railway very hard just to stand still.

To replace worn out assets, our current investment levels need to be raised by 30%. Without this extra investment, the consequences will be severe.

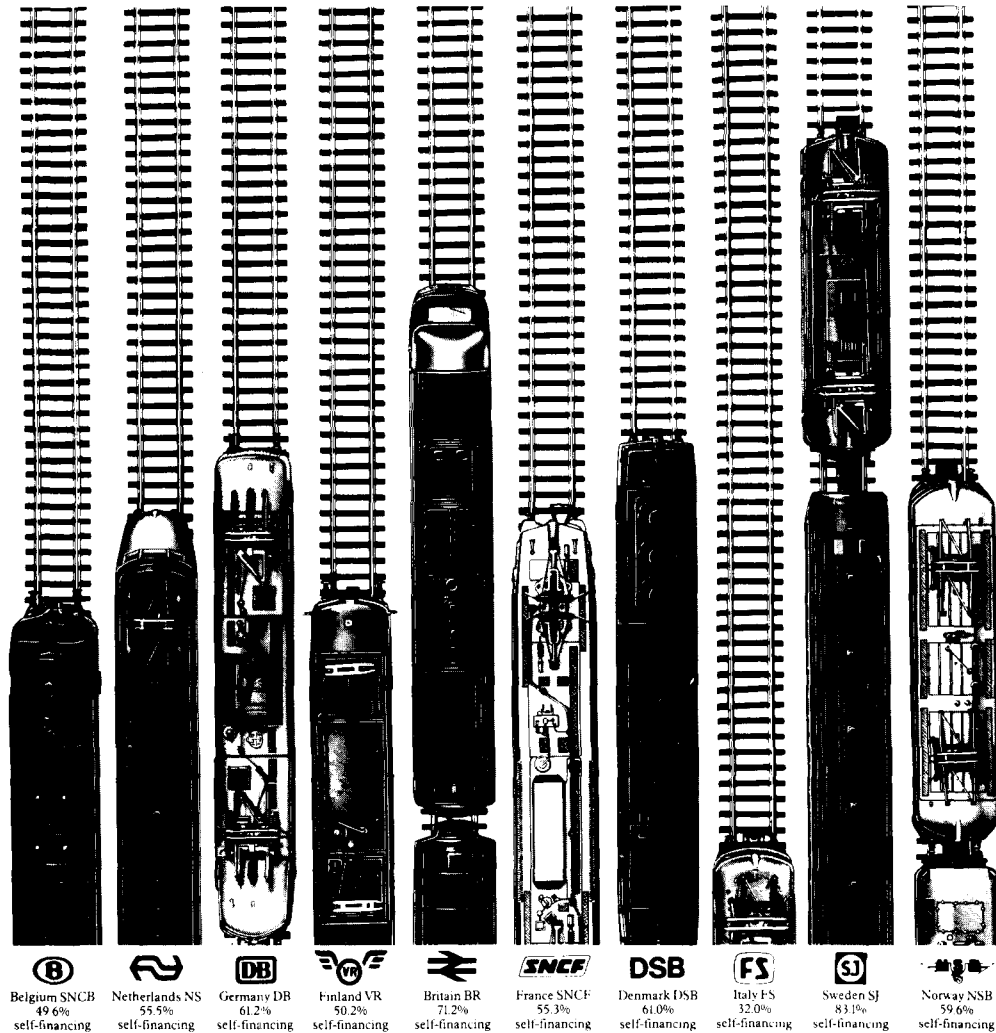
THE TIME OF THE TRAIN HAS COME AGAIN

In a world beset by energy shortages, the prospects for the railways have never been brighter. It would be a pity if short-term problems were allowed to eclipse the prospects for rail.

With a far-sighted approach towards finance and investment, Britain can and will go on running the most cost-effective major railway in Europe for as long as the railways run.

**THE SWEDISH EXPERIENCE. Since the collection of data in 1977, the situation of the railways in Sweden has changed drastically. A massive injection of national funds has precipitated a reappraisal of investment plans and the fares structure. The experiment has really only just started but the first signs are that the railways have increased their relative importance in the transport network.*

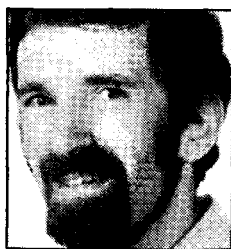
This is one of a series of advertisements designed to increase public awareness of the position of the railways in the national transport system and also in the life of the community as a whole. While the facts and figures contained in these advertisements are known and appreciated by those directly concerned in shaping the future, an industry as much in the limelight as ours has a duty to address itself to a wider audience, which needs to be well informed if it is to play its part in helping to form public opinion.



This is the age of the train ➡

Science and defence

Dr John Beckman of the Department of Physics, Queen Mary College London argues against the 'half-baked' notion of deterrence.



TWO ASSUMPTIONS which underly any discussion about defence are that we need armed forces, and that we need them — principally — to counter a Soviet military threat.

Physics shares with many academic disciplines the questioning of assumptions, but shares particularly with the other natural sciences the method of experimental test. Notoriously, the method is hard to apply to human situations. It ought to be absurd (but not, I fear, too absurd for some military planners) to start a war as a laboratory exercise, simply to discover whether Country X really is an enemy, and if so how effective at fighting (there is even some moral difference between this cool strategic approach and using a war such as Spain or Vietnam to test particular weapons-systems.) Still, in the age of computers and electronic espionage, maybe simulations *would* answer the need?

The inadequacy of a war-games approach to strategic concepts — in a nuclear context — is clearly seen in the half-baked concept of deterrence. Empirically, it is true that no nuclear wars have occurred in the past 35 years. Further, several major crises, notably that involving Cuba in 1962, have subsided because the alternative appeared to be nuclear war which the Soviet Union (in each case) wasn't ready to contemplate. It is not wise, however, to be sanguine about an inductive proof of the theory of deterrence based on these 35 years of experiment. And even a single counter-example would be likely to destroy the essential laboratory conditions.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE does not progress by analogy and case-history, useful thought they may be in stimulating new ideas. But when one tries to define a military role for Britain, only analogy and imagination will serve.

Can we plausibly see a case where an *independent* British nuclear force would be required to deter a Soviet attack upon Europe — the assumption being that American power was for some reason unavailable? If the British force were subsumed into NATO, losing independence, would our present allies see this as a positive step, or as a weakening of resolve? If the present nuclear arsenal were abandoned completely, would this leave Britain defenceless and without allies? Or would the move enhance our security, by taking us out of the firing line? The answers are by no means obvious, and cannot be resolved by exchanging statements of faith.

Other difficult questions suggest themselves. If, or when, countries like Libya or Pakistan acquire nuclear weapons, would Britain not need its own force simply as insurance in an unpredictable world? Is there any hope of preventing proliferation — the 'nth power prob-

lem' — or at least delaying it until there are better treaty arrangements? If so, surely any long-term defence strategy for Britain should include the most vigorous efforts to block proliferation of fissile material. There exist practical ways in which Britain and other nuclear sophisticates can delay — at least — acquisition by others of nuclear capacity. These include the stipulation of safeguards, preferably IAEA* safeguards, on all nuclear power plants supplied to countries such as Brazil, and a more vigilant approach to industrial technology than was applied in the negligent affair of the ultra-centrifuge components for Pakistan. Tolerant of short-term commercial advantage which places long-term security at fundamental risk is the negation of sound defence.

BUT WHAT should be done about our nuclear forces? The present government has taken, in purchasing Trident, a decision which is probably the least effective possible one. Even if nuclear independence is assumed essential, it is likely that the erosion of the invulnerability of submarines will be the decisive influence on making our force obsolete. Any dependence of the efficacy of our force on its *accuracy* and *range* will be less important than the decreasing probability of successful launch and penetration. Strictly within the nuclear context, options like modernising Polaris under joint NATO command ought to be more seriously reconsidered.

If we ask 'What is our defence posture supposed to accomplish, and will our armed forces be able to achieve these ends?' we are talking of priorities. Does it make sense to use armed force to further our economic interests? France has intervened in Africa: has the effort been worthwhile? Would Nigeria, for example — an important oil supplier — ever welcome British military aid to resist an external threat? Would we have been better-placed to resist UDI if we had commanded the right type of intervention force, or would lack of will on Harold Wilson's part have made any technical considerations irrelevant? Even if any conceivable global policing role is shown to be dated, we have uses for troops nearer home. But what is the future

of our military commitment in Ireland? How can we replace the combat experience gained there — and which by now may be one of the factors perpetuating the impasse? What are the real dangers of sabotage to oil rigs? There is a real danger that forces designed to combat terrorism may be used in repressing dissent. How can command be structured and indoctrinated so as to make that risk acceptably small?

Whether we spend our annual defence budget on nuclear submarines or on conventional armaments, tanks, planes and missiles, the possibility of diverting a sizeable fraction into the renewal of British industry deserves close consideration. '*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*' can be a dangerous argument, but it's notable that Japan and Germany have regularly spent five per cent less annually on their armed forces (since 1945) than Britain and the US. And they have averaged five per cent more economic growth. The paradoxical outcome has been for their economic growth to furnish them with a far greater military potential than Britain's. To increase one's military strength, direct money away from military spending.

ALTHOUGH IT is not difficult for any interested person to raise the kinds of issues I have discussed here, the information needed to form coherent answers is not readily available to the public. One reason for the rapid progress is understanding made within natural science in the open discussion of controversial issues.

Government decision-making, especially the military variety, is not subject to public scrutiny. Security may be considered a valid reason for guarding details of a particular weapons system or control facility, but the defence posture of a country — its defence priorities within the overall range of national objectives — ought to be a subject of vigorous debate, across as large a cross-section of people as possible. In the nuclear era, enhancement of a country's strategic capability almost automatically decreases the security of its population. Defence, the ensuring of the long-term safety of the British people and their ideals, cannot be abstracted from our economic and diplomatic interactions with other nations.

In the longer term, this points towards reducing, and eventually eliminating, the bounds of the nation-state. As an opening subject for our ongoing national defence debate, I would propose: 'To defend Britain properly, we must work to eliminate it.'

Ruth Lister

Monthly benefit saves £5 million

THIS YEAR's cut in the real value of child benefit is to be followed in 1981-82 by a conversion from weekly to monthly payments, if proposals contained in a draft Green Paper leaked to the Child Poverty Action Group are implemented. This will save the Government about £50 million in the year of the changeover, according to a memorandum accompanying the draft. The memorandum notes that the saving 'could be politically embarrassing' and that therefore 'no mention will be made of these benefit aspects in the Command Paper unless Ministers particularly wish to mention them — the Treasury are not pressing.'

The Green Paper concedes that 'there are some families for whom weekly payment of child benefit is essential, particularly those who use it for inescapable weekly housekeeping commitments'. But in response to the Social Services Select Committee's recommendation that *all* families should be able to opt for

weekly payments, the Government has done no more than allow families in receipt of supplementary benefit or family income supplement, one parent families receiving extra child benefit and those with four or more children, the right to continue to receive benefit weekly. This excludes many low-income families both in and out of work. It also ignores the fact that the weekly child benefit may be essential for some mothers even though the total family income is quite high. The evidence available suggests that non-employed mothers can be living in relative poverty even within families that would appear in the statistics as well above the poverty line.

The Social Services Committee were worried by a changeover to monthly payments when family budgets were under pressure and noted that 'Post Office Statistics suggest that during the past year the proportion of child benefit encashments weekly has increased from 24 per cent to 35 per cent'. The Green Paper states that 'the Government believes that for other families payment of child benefit 4-weekly in arrears would be generally acceptable'. That it has refused to give most families the freedom to choose, in fact, suggests that it is not at all confident that monthly payments would be generally acceptable.

*International Atomic Energy Authority

Does the Advertising Standards Authority exist to protect the consumer or the advertising industry?

The job of the Advertising Standards Authority is to protect the public from unacceptable advertisements in the press, on posters, in print and in the cinema.

It was set up by the advertising industry.

Because the A.S.A. is not a government body and, therefore, has no legal jurisdiction, people are sometimes sceptical about its effectiveness.

Is it possible for the A.S.A. to have proper control over advertising?

How can it be objective about advertising if it was set up by the industry?

The A.S.A. works independently of the advertising industry.

Although it is financed by the advertising industry, it works entirely independently.

The Chairman, Lord McGregor, and most of his Council, work outside the industry. In fact, it was agreed when the A.S.A. was first set up, that at least half of the Council must have no connection with advertising at all. And, in practice, less than one third does.

For instance, the A.S.A. has a Welsh industrialist, a radio producer and a Methodist Minister on the Council.

Each person is invited to serve on the Council because he or she can offer unbiased judgement on advertisements which come under scrutiny. And no-one serves as the voice of any particular interest.

Working under the Council is a full-time Secretariat.

How thorough is the A.S.A. in checking advertising generally?

It uses a set of rules, the British Code of Advertising Practice, which covers not only matters such as offensiveness and truthfulness, but also the particular problems which arise from advertising certain products such as cigarettes and alcohol. Advertisers, agencies and the media have agreed to observe the spirit of the Code as well as the letter.

What does the A.S.A. do about unacceptable advertising?

Firstly, the advertiser is asked to amend or withdraw the offending advertisement from the media.

If he fails to do so immediately, the media owners are informed. They will not make space available in a publication, on a poster site or in the cinema for any advertisement which the A.S.A. has ruled to contravene the British Code of Advertising Practice.

Also, every month, the cases which have been dealt with are published in a report for everyone to see.

This system happens to be not only very effective, but is also quick and inexpensive.

How does the A.S.A. decide which advertisements are unacceptable?

The volume of advertising which runs in this country makes it impossible for the A.S.A. to vet every individual advertisement before it is published.

One way it keeps a thorough check on advertising is to respond to consumers' complaints.

Any complaint which is sent in to the A.S.A. from a member of the public is considered carefully. If there is a case to answer, a full investigation is made. (By the way, complaints about T.V. and radio advertising are dealt with by the I.B.A.)

To make doubly sure that the system is working and that advertisers and agencies are adhering to the Code, the A.S.A. monitors a wide range of advertisements on a continuous basis. It pays particular attention to areas of current concern such as advertising directed at children. Also, to make sure that the Council members and the Code are up-to-date with current opinion, the A.S.A. carries out research from time to time.

So, who does the A.S.A. protect?

The A.S.A. works very effectively to protect the consumer. But, of course, keeping advertising standards high works for the good of the advertising industry too.

Advertisers, agencies and the media know that it is in their interest to make sure the A.S.A. is working.

And it does, as any advertiser who has come up against us, knows only too well.

If you would like to know more about the way the A.S.A. works, please write to us at the address below.

The Advertising Standards Authority.
If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd., Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

Ford and the mysteries of the Orient

Ford UK's pay negotiations are taking place against a backdrop of great fear for the future of Ford in Europe and the whole European car industry. PATRICK WINTOUR reports.

SINCE THE BEGINNING of last week the regime in Ford's 23 British factories has been harsher than anything most Ford workers can recall having worked under before. Under a new disciplinary system any worker who fails to carry out an instruction from a supervisor will be sent home. He will lose his wages for that shift, his £5 attendance allowance and, in addition, his wages for the next shift. If the shop steward refuses to nominate another worker to do the laid-off person's job, or if the worker refuses, the whole section will be immediately laid off for two shifts.

This new procedure, which replaces the lay-off system introduced in 1977 after riots in the company's Dagenham plant, has been imposed on the unions and marks a new phase in Ford's tough approach to its work force. It considerably strengthens the arbitrary authority of the supervisor and 'punishes' whole sections of the workforce for an individual's misdemeanours. The justification for the move is the plethora of disputes which have broken out recently at the company's Halewood factory in Liverpool where the new Escort — one of the most important cars in the history of the company — is being built. In fact, many of these disputes were the result of poor planning and dangerous equipment failure within the plant. And — perhaps more importantly — the strategy reflects major doubts in the minds of senior Ford executives about the way the company is run and its future which amount to a sort of corporate schizophrenia. At the moment Ford managers are obsessed with the threat posed by Japan — a threat to which they don't know how to respond.

LAST OCTOBER Bill Hayden, Ford Europe's vice-president of manufacturing, visited Japan for a week, to compare with US and European plants investment returns for car-maker Toyo Kogyo, in which Ford have a 25 per cent share. He returned saying that his visit had made him 'rethink everything' and already Ford management circles talk of two periods in the company's past — BJ and AJ — Before and After Japan.

Hayden was astonished by Japanese expansionism and efficiency and by how far Ford were falling behind. In an internal Ford paper immediately after the visit he commented:

I have in the past heard of the low head count levels in the Japanese car industry. This has in the past been explained as due to increased automation and different organisation and integration levels. I have to say quite frankly I do not now believe it ... nor are they dumping surplus production at unprofitable prices. They are vastly more efficient than we are.

Hayden went on to give a detailed comparison of the efficiency in Ford's German Saarlouis plant — their most efficient — with Toyota's Tsutsumi assembly plant. He estimated that it took 2.05 people in Saarlouis to produce a unit and only 1.03 in Toyota. He explained these disparities thus:

The Japanese have a strong family tradition and this is fostered by their policy of employment for life, effective worker participation in the business through quality circle organisations, incentive schemes, sport and social facilities, housing and housing loans, assistance and encouragement in further educational training and the treatment of everyone as equals. The attitude was expressed as centring daily life around work.

It may seem somewhat late in the day for someone of Hayden's position to make this discovery — BL did a similar trip in 1976 — but on his return to Europe plans were hastily laid to introduce Japanese style participatory industrial relations to Europe. Shopping lists of new industrial relations practices — such as an end to demarcation — were prepared. But decades of dehumanising management style are not so easily put behind a company. For instance, Japan's *Kanban* system — which Ford are now tentatively introducing in Europe — involves a degree of trust in the assembly line worker by management unknown in the West.



The basis of the *Kanban* system is that no group of workers on one activity can undertake work without the authority of the workers on the following activity. The final assembly line is thus the trigger point for stock orders and schedule changes. In Europe the ordering process flows in the opposite direction. The *Kanban* system involves far lower stocks which obviously exposes management to industrial disruption. But it also means less storage space, lower overheads and speedier identification of bottlenecks and quality problems which are holding up production. In addition, the assembly line workers do much of their own maintenance so that Japanese factories have far less indirect labour, such as supervisors and quality inspectors. For example, the Toyota Hi-Ace produced at the Kariya factory has 15 inspectors and 10 people in material handling and line feed, compared with 83 and 328 respectively on the Ford Transit line. On the whole, Japanese quality is better, with many factories not even needing a special repair section.

Quality is also improved by the existence of 'quality circles' — groups of ten people who meet monthly to discuss ways of improving the lay-out of their work and reducing waste. Toyota claim that about 85 per cent of their suggestions are taken up.

ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE 'quality circles' in Ford have met with widespread suspicion from shop stewards, who see them as a way of going behind the back of the union. But then, as Bill Hayden admits, union structures are rather different in Japan, where they tend to be organised on a company basis. In a section edited out of his public report on the Japanese trip Hayden commented:

Union participation appears to be similar to Europe, but obviously relationships are much easier. With regard to overtime, for instance, they are only consulted when overtime is considered excessive.

The Japanese manage to run their factories on two consecutive shifts, whereas Ford UK often use non-consecutive shifts or three 7.5 hour shifts. This has two major side effects. The Japanese have plenty of time free for repairs and maintenance. Second, they have spare capacity to make up their production targets if something goes wrong. In addition, Toyo Kogyo has a special agreement with the unions to switch to three-shift working if bottlenecks become serious. This means that they can, if necessary, get 600 hours of production a month — much more than Ford's maximum.

Hayden ended his paper on Japan in some bemusement:

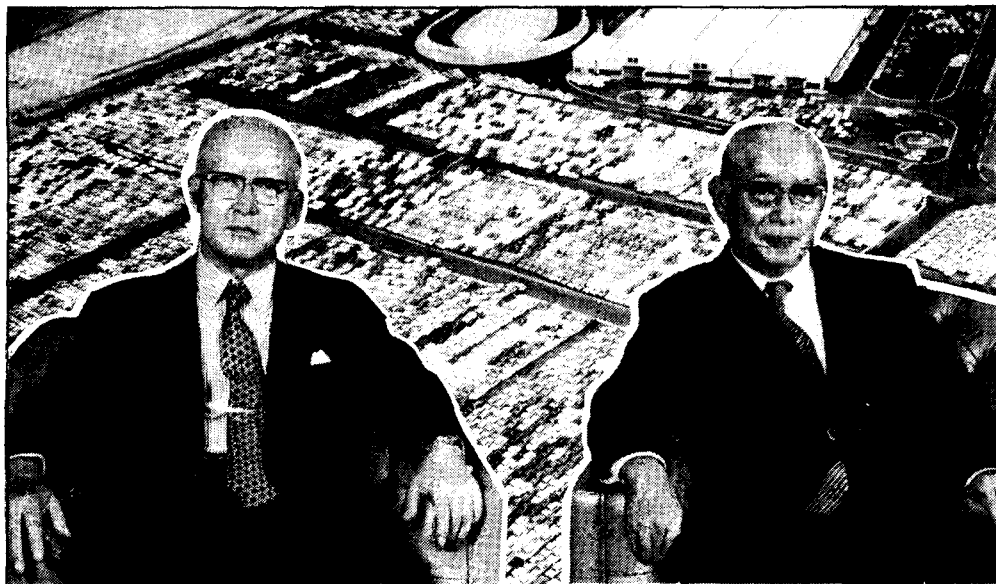
It is difficult to understand the extremely wide divergence between us, especially with the comparative wage rates between Germany and Japan ... even with more investment we still have the problem of the Japanese complete flexibility in terms of ability to work many more hours than their planning base plus the ability and dedication of their workforce.

The same uneasy awareness that industrial success might be allied to the broader cultural features of society was evident from remarks to the European Parliament last month by Marc Ouin, secretary-general of the Common Market Car Manufacturers. The only way for European car producers to recover their 30 per cent price disadvantage from Japan was, he said, 'for European workers to become Japanese. I don't believe Europe wishes to adopt the social structures with which Japanese success is associated. It is totally illusory to expect to recover a 30 per cent price disadvantage'.

But reading Hayden's paper the impression one receives is of a workforce, for one reason or another, committed to the success of the enterprise for which they work. There are, of course, other social structures than the Japanese which might inspire workers with some enthusiasm for the work in which they are involved. One, for instance, which gave workers some control over what their company produced, over the use of its capital resources and which did not have unaccountable hierarchial management structures.

SOME OF HAYDEN's Japanisation plans have been implemented, but the pressure to chase Japanese productivity levels is so strong that simultaneously Ford are reverting to the traditional bludgeoning management style they — and much of British industry — know so well.

The pressure on Ford Europe to beat the Japanese is particularly acute as Ford US is in severe difficulties. Paying the price for earlier



In the background, 80,000 Toyota cars leave Nagaya Wharf every month. In front Toyota's chairman and president.

model blunders it now expects to lose \$2 billion this year and is borrowing from Ford Europe. It is, therefore, desperate to hold onto the European market, which is now seriously threatened by Japanese imports: the European Commission believe that by the end of the decade there will be only four European volume car producers and they will each be capable of producing two million units a year. On this analysis three British companies — BL, Talbot and Vauxhall — look threatened. If the exchange rate stays high Ford — until recently the one bright spot in the motor industry in Britain — might refuse next year to put money into its Dagenham plant for the Cortina replacement, the Toni. Or they could carry out their threat and shut down Halewood. Either would be a mortal blow.

It has not been difficult for the Ford management to damn the Halewood workers as inveterate idlers: over the years there have been many industrial disputes. Currently the Liverpoolians can only produce 650 Escorts on a good day compared with 1100 identical cars from identical machines in Ford's Saarlouis plant in Germany. However, many of the plant's current problems stem from the recent £207 million investment programme which involved virtually re-equipping the factory and switching to robotic production for the new model.

The stock joke in Halewood is that their robots are the only ones ever designed to take tea breaks. One shop steward told me of a robot that is supposed to pick up an object from one

pallet and put it down in another box. The robot picks up the object perfectly well but it had to be hit with a stock to make it release the object as intended. Another told me of two men being asked to spend a week dangling their hands in the line of an electronic signal to make sure that the robot functioned normally.

Ford have admitted to teething problems, but some of the work sheets I have been shown, compiled by supervisors, detail whole shifts decimated by, for instance, the failure of robots working on the engine compartment. The initial stages of the new Escort seem to have had many more equipment breakdowns than normal on new models. Part of the difficulty has stemmed from the use of Italians and Germans to install the machines: by the time the workers wanted to explain problems the interpreters had gone. A variety of different installation contractors have been used and not a little buck-passing has gone on. In addition, there was no proper trial period for the new model on the line. At Halewood — unlike at Saarlouis — the new model was sent down the line intermittently, mixed with the old model. When full production began after a holiday it was the first time that the workforce had dealt with a line full of the new cars. As a result many supervisors did not know what instructions they were meant to be giving. All work standards are company estimates and it is claimed industrial engineers are taking five weeks to produce scientifically measured standards on jobs, even though estimates are known to be prone to a margin of error of 30 per cent. Hundreds of work estimates remain challenged. Stewards say workers often walked out because it was the only way they could get attention from a management overburdened by failing machinery.

FORD MANAGEMENT produced a dossier on 13 disputes in the assembly plant and 18 in the body plant at Halewood between 19 August and 19 September. However, examination of these reveals that almost all of them relate to manning levels, job lay-out, or health and safety. For example, on 16 and 17 September some workers were complaining of backache from having to lift hoodtops onto a car by themselves. So they started working in pairs. However, this was slower so, to keep up with the constantly moving production line, the workers had to drift down the line from their official stations. The supervisor said this was unacceptable, and an argument developed and the

workers asked for a doctor to be brought down. The management refused and the workers walked out. Eventually a doctor was brought, and he agreed the load was too heavy for one man to lift continuously. This dispute was listed as one caused by the workforce.

Another dispute occurred over oil on the fender aprons. The workers felt that the oil made them slippery and dangerous to handle and when a particularly oily set was provided the stewards asked if they could be changed for 30 relatively clean panels stacked across the aisle. The supervisor refused, on the grounds that the fork lift driver might object to the line workers carrying the panels across. The stewards said there was no objection from the driver but the plant's production manager said the oily panels were to be used and six workers were then laid off. In another dispute the workers wanted a platform built by the side of the line so that they could see the door bolts they were tightening: they were worried that if their air gun blew off and they had no warning they would throw their heads back against the sharp metal door.

The stewards also give a graphic description of life at the other end of the corporate career structure, which contrasts sharply with the management philosophy which Bill Hayden observed so admiringly in Japan:

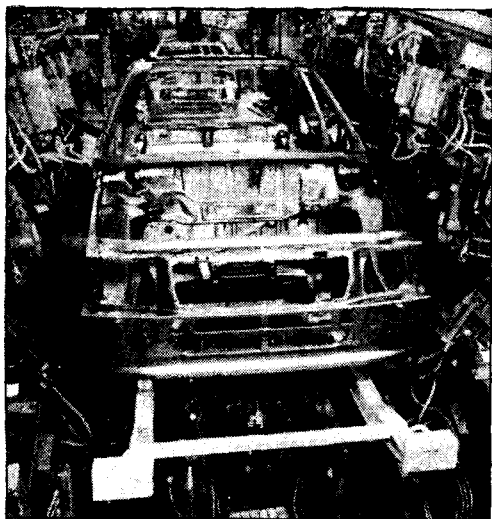
First we'd have an American manager who was a shirtsleeve type, out on the shop floor trying the airgun. Then we had another American, John Allen — we called him Gary Glitter because of his ridiculous suits — he was rarely to be seen and thought we were terrible. To managers we're just a stepping stone in their career but we're here for life. They talk to us about company loyalty but someone like one of the plant managers Eric Munday can walk off to British Leyland and then be allowed back with us again within two weeks. We've had seven plant managers in the last 15 years.

PUTTING PRESSURE on the European workforce in the hope that they will emulate the Japanese is only half of Ford's strategy. The other is to campaign for import controls. All of a sudden the principles of free trade have been abandoned and common cause is being made with the European Metalworkers Federation in calling for controls over Japanese trade. Their argument is that the European motor industry faces not just a cyclical depression but a structural downturn: things will not, in other words, get better. Ford have been lobbying, among other institutions, the European Parliament's External Economic Relations Committee to limit imports to 1979 levels.

Ford have already been defeated on protectionism in their own country. Japanese imports now account for 22 per cent of the US car market. Nearly 80 per cent of all US car imports are Japanese. But the US International Trade Commission by 3 votes to 2 turned down a joint application from Ford and the United Auto-workers to cut imports from 3 million to 2 million cars for the next three years. Ford's case was seriously weakened by the company's blindness to the American public's desire for a smaller car, which the Japanese have been happy to provide. And the autoworkers were skilfully upstaged by the promise from the president of Nissan to build a factory in America — one of the first Japanese car factories in the USA.

The growth in Japanese output and exports has been startling. Between 1966 and 1979 vehicle production increased from 2.3 million to 10 million, of which 4.6 million were exported. A fifth of all Japan's export earnings

Robots weld Ford Escorts



now come from cars so the Japanese are understandably reluctant to impose any voluntary restrictions on exports. At the moment exports do not account for more than half of Japanese vehicle output, but Ford forecast that by 1985 60 per cent of a much higher output will be exported. Ford expect big increases in capacity in all nine Japanese car companies and a big increase in Japan's penetration of overseas markets. (See Tables 1 and 2). These figures are not simple propaganda. Toyota, for instance, admit to having increased capacity by 14 per cent this year.

Clearly these figures should be treated with some caution. Professor Krish Bhaskar, Britain's leading academic authority on the motor industry, as well as this week's World Auto Forecast projections regard them as a little alarmist and indeed an internal Ford paper shows that Toyota has cut back investment plans this year by a fifth. Japanese companies themselves claim that much of the investment is for switching to the more fuel efficient, front wheel drive models in which they are relatively weak at the moment. Nissan claim that half their investment is accounted for in this way. They also admit that over-production could be a big problem but since being large is one of the keys to competitiveness in the mass car market they are unlikely to stop expanding at this stage.

The trend of Ford's figures, however, is not seriously challenged. In particular the increasing Japanese presence in Europe seems almost inevitable as US car producers introduce smaller models next year. Nissan believe that 9m. smaller cars will be made in the US by 1983, where there were hardly any in 1979. The Japanese companies will have to look elsewhere. In areas like Australia, the Middle East and Brazil, where governments demand a high local content in car production, Japan will respond by producing 'knocked down' kits for assembly. Europe, by contrast, will be a safety valve for fully built exports. Ford believe that by 1985 16 per cent of the European market might be taken by the Japanese. Indeed they expect a million more Japanese and 650,000 more Eastern European cars will be sold in Europe by then. They expect 750,000 fewer European cars to be sold in European markets as European producers' market share falls from 95 per cent in 1974 to 73 per cent. Many of the Europeans' traditional export markets will also disappear under competition from Japan. Ford themselves have already abandoned much of the Far East market to Toyo Kogyo, a company they once thought they could fully take over and control.

TO MAKE MATTERS worse, virtually all the major European car producers are now persuaded that the most efficient size for a firm is an annual production of 2 million units, for engine production one million and for assembly 1,100 cars a day. As the International Metalworkers Federation have pointed out VW, General Motors and Renault all have big expansion plans in Europe or the US. Eurofinance — the major car industry consultants used by unions and management alike — have recently doubled their prediction of European over-capacity to one million cars in 1985.

Again, Ford have done some calculations on what all this might mean to Europe's car companies (see Table 3). Although overall they expect over 360,000 jobs to go, within this there will be a shift of jobs down to the Iberian peninsula, where General Motors, Renault and Ford are all expanding. Britain will lose some 50,000 jobs but Germany and Belgium will be particu-

Ford's view of the world

	1974 (Act.)	Japanese expansion Units (000)				
		1978 (Act.)	1979 (Act.)	1980 (Proj.)	1982 (Proj.)	1985 (Proj.)
Toyota Motors	not available	2929	2996	3300	4050	not available
Nissan Motors		2393	2338	2745	2950	
Toyo Kogyo		850	971	1150	1450	
Mitsubishi		973	939	1100	1100	
Honda		743	802	950	1200	
Isuzu		408	425	465	600	
Daihatsu		328	366	412	440	
Fuji		305	334	385	420	
Suzuki		248	345	380	445	
Hino & Nissan Diesel		92	119	116	140	
Total production	6600	9269	9635	11003	12795	14500

Changes in direct employment in European car manufacturing countries by 1985

	Job increase/(decrease) in Europe*				
	2 million increase in Non-European Imports (000 jobs)	0.6 million increase in car capacity Iberian Peninsula (000 jobs)	1 million decrease in European car exports (000 jobs)	25% improve- ment in European productivity (000 jobs)	Total job change (000 jobs)
Total	(133)	(0)	(67)	(160)	(360)
of which Germany/Belgium	(47)	(16)	(26)	(59)	(148)
France	(38)	(12)	(15)	(44)	(109)
Britain	(15)	(5)	(13)	(17)	(50)
Italy	(18)	(6)	(8)	(21)	(53)
Spain/Portugal	(11)	40	(1)	(14)	14
Other	(4)	(1)	(4)	(5)	(14)

*Based on 15 cars per man

larly badly hit. In Germany's case this will be partly because VW are building plants in America and thus reducing exports. There are already signs of it happening: Ford have declared extensive redundancies in the plant which makes Granadas and Capris for the European market as demand for these large cars has slumped this year.

Such bleak prospects in a country widely advertised as being one of the most efficient in Europe throws into sharp focus the impact that the multinational nature of the motor industry has on an individual national economy. This has been a particular feature of the growing volume of car imports in Britain. For five years the system of voluntary restraint has been successful in keeping Japanese import penetration below 11 per cent. Even though this will be breached in 1980 — with the strong pound and depreciating yen giving Japanese producers since 1978 a 40 per cent price advantage — the Japanese market share is still a long way below the 25 per cent that they could expect if there was no restriction on trade. The significance of their price advantage is difficult to underestimate. No major price increase has been made by Toyota since 1978.

The major surge in UK imports in the last four years has come from the overseas subsidiaries of multinationals who already manufacture in Britain. In the first half of 1980 over half of Ford's UK sales of 280,000 were imported, mainly from Germany, Belgium and Spain. Last year Opel — Vauxhall's fellow subsidiary in General Motors — sent in 84,000 vehicles wholly or largely made outside Britain. This compares with 60,000 Vauxhall cars made entirely in Britain — a third of the 1971 figure.

Ford have promised a House of Commons select committee that they will reduce their imports of the Fiesta and Cortina, but Talbot and Vauxhall will almost certainly increase their imports: both companies have dismantled their design teams in Britain and the end of full car production here cannot be far off.

General Motors have steadfastly refused to

Japanese market share

	Actual 1979	Potential 1985
	%	%
Britain	11	25
Germany	6	15
France	2	8
Italy	0	7
Spain	0	10
Austria	12	25
Belgium	18	25
Denmark	18	28
Finland	24	30
Ireland	25	38
Netherlands	20	28
Norway	24	33
Portugal	11	25
Sweden	10	18
Switzerland	16	23
Western Europe	7	16

give any assurances to the workers at the Ellesmere Port factory on Merseyside that they will not just be assembling Opels after the Chevette is phased out on 1982. A swathe of redundancies have cut their way through Talbot. The company promises a major policy statement early next spring. By that time most of the government's Short Time Subsidies will have run out and many trades unionists expect the closure of Linwood — where the workforce has been halved since 1978 — and the engine plant at Stoke. Most of Talbot's models can either be sourced from Talbot Europe factories or be replaced by Peugeot models. In that case the merger with Peugeot, supported by the Labour government, appears to have been little more than a way of Peugeot getting its hands on Talbot's dealer network.

THE FUTURE OF the UK car industry is thus deeply depressing. Most sensible senior shop stewards are devoting much of their energies to preparing for the final sit-in to save their plants. So far, in the recession of the last two years most of them have been defeated. Despite long strikes pay claims have been lost. Only in comparatively profitable Ford have wages kept up with inflation.

Although most car workers are not organised on the multinational lines of their employers, there are a few exceptions. Last week the International Metalworkers Federation organised a meeting of various national Ford union leaders. A more unofficial body, the European Ford Workers combine, occasionally meets in Europe to discuss management, wage and investment policy. In Britain they are serviced by the Counter Information Services and their strong anti-import controls line attracts the left political groups but, illuminatingly, in many European plants the combine is more tied to the official union structure. Similarly the Coventry Workshop helps convene meetings in France of Talbot Europe stewards. But generally the insularity of British union structures encourages an over-emphasis on nationalistic, import controls solutions. It is easy for trade ministers like John Nott to respond by talking of the uncompetitiveness of the UK car industry and

by reasserting the virtues of free trade.

Nott says the British economy cannot afford to guarantee permanent employment in the way Japanese employers do and that wealth must first be created before such luxuries can be considered. Yet Mazda, a Japanese car industry, went bankrupt in 1974: it saved itself, among other things, by not making anyone redundant and by transferring excess assembly workers into the sales department. A significant extra contribution to Mazda's revival was the willingness of the banks to finance and monitor the company's recuperation.

A socialist programme for the car industry might, therefore, have the following broad parameters. A large extent of genuine workers' participation and control to the highest level becomes a *precondition* to create the right environment in which industrial experiments can be made. This would need to be related to a national policy which, internally, recognised

the declining nature of car production and financed the growth of new industries and which, externally, negotiated trading agreements allowing imports in exchange for export markets for other British goods. (The Japanese have a vastly favourable trade balance not just in cars). Within this there are a series of decisions which have to be made about transport and energy policy, mergers and so on.

The problem is hardly likely to be capable of simple resolution. Recently in a television programme Denis Healey was asked what advice he would give the workers of BL, as they decided whether or not to strike. On the same programme Mary Kaldor said she would advise them to raise the demand for the production of alternative products linked to, for example, public transport policy. Healey said all that was fine, but very long term. The problem is that a part of Britain's culture refuses to look to the long term.

Denis Lehane on the irreligious feud between Celtic and Rangers

God is not needed in Glasgow

MATT BUSBY, as many people who know nothing and care even less about football are aware, is one of the most revered figures in the British game. A Scot, he played for Manchester United and went on to become one of the greatest managers in the post-war game. Busby could not have played for, still less managed, Glasgow Rangers Football Club, one of the two clubs — with Celtic — which dominate football in his native Scotland. The reason is that Busby is a Catholic and Glasgow Rangers have, throughout most of its history, operated a Protestants only employment policy. So powerful is the religious dimension to Scottish football that the following for Rangers is now barely related to the club's success on the field.

Once, Rangers made a mistake and in the early 1950s employed a Catholic with a Protestant sounding name. He was soon removed. Celtic draw their support from a large Catholic minority in Glasgow and indeed from Catholics throughout Scotland and Ireland but they do not, however, operate a Catholics only policy. Indeed, in last season's Scottish Cup Final, six of the eleven Celtic players were Protestants. But Celtic still weave sectarianism into their colours: they fly the Irish Republican tricolour at their ground and their fans sing pro-Provisional IRA songs at games.

The religious bigotry is expressed in serious crowd rioting at virtually every meeting between the two clubs both inside and outside the ground. But it is a matter to which few people will address themselves publicly. Last Sunday London Weekend's religious programme *Credo* tackled the subject: the programme was shown in every part of the UK except Scotland; STV will show it in New Year.

Much of the religious bigotry derives from the years immediately after the First World War when the Catholic community of Irish descent became the focus of resentment at the newly arrived unemployment in Glasgow. The London Weekend programme left one in no doubt that this bigotry fuelled the communal violence at Celtic/Rangers matches on both sides of the sectarian divide. It reminded me of nothing so much as the countless television documentaries made over the past decade about Northern Ireland. The same rational, reasonable clergymen eloquently explaining the

history behind the problem. The same social deprivation among two communities who have more in common with each other than with those living elsewhere to whom they claim affinity.

THERE IS THE SAME ambivalence on the part of the religious establishments: in the vote at the Church of Scotland Assembly criticising Rangers for bigotry and religious discrimination half the clergymen present either opposed the motion or abstained. As Brian Wilson of the *Sunday Times* put it: Rangers openly admit their discrimination. They like it, they see nothing wrong in it. But it is also profitable: as one clergyman interviewed said: Here is Rangers, a 'small private business' firm, spending £7 million on a new stand at a time when the rest of Glasgow is in the middle of a depression. In the financial year to April 1979 Rangers made pre-tax profit of £470,000 on a turnover of £1,132,000.



Celtic meet Rangers in May

But although the bigotry expresses itself in violence, I am not sure that it is directly responsible for it. If religion ceased to be a factor I suspect that Rangers and Celtic fans would go on attacking each other as fans do in the crowds at West Ham, Millwall and Chelsea. In Glasgow, and elsewhere, religion is a convenient label. It is helped by the genuine religious bigotry of priests and clergymen who, in Glasgow as in Northern Ireland, oppose the idea of mixed schools, which could be the biggest single blow at sectarianism. Not once in the programme did God, Jesus Christ or the Holy Spirit get a mention, as God is not needed in Glasgow, no more than he is in Belfast, to fuel sectarian hatred.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE NCCL?

The Home Office last week prosecuted NCCL's legal officer, Harriet Harman, for contempt of court. As the *New Statesman* said: 'This is nothing more than a Whitehall department using its superior muscle to expose to exhausting litigation an organisation which has dared to criticise its behaviour.'

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OPINION

Taking Mao seriously

DAVID FERNBACH offers a dissenting view of China's return to normal since the arrest of the 'Gang of Four'.

THE TRIAL of the 'Gang of Four' opens in a political context quite transformed since their arrest in October 1976. Originally charged with distorting Mao Zedong's policies, their real crime turns out to have been precisely the attempt to implement these policies, even if the Chinese media cannot quite spell this out in black and white. Beneath all conflicts of individuals and cliques, the political aim is clear: to seal the final defeat of the Cultural Revolution, and bury once and for all the policies of Maoism.

Western China-watchers may lament this blatant show trial, but there is a remarkable consensus in support of its aim. Whether they hope to see China a liberal democracy or a 'degenerated workers' state', all agree that the Cultural Revolution was a disaster; and in this they reflect the apparently unanimous opinion of the Chinese themselves — at least those Chinese to whom Western visitors are likely to talk.

This rejection of the Maoist line is couched today in pragmatic terms. The Cultural Revolution failed to deliver the goods. By concentrating effort on social experiment, production fell behind, failing to keep pace with popular expectations. It is worth recalling that the Cultural Revolution aroused horror in the West from the beginning, even among those sections of the Left who profess opposition to bureaucratic socialism. The late Isaac Deutscher, for example, though he realised more was at stake than a struggle between bureaucratic cliques, saw the condemnation of Western classical music as a sure sign of a turn for the worse. Even Stalin didn't ban Beethoven.

The naivety of those 'mad Maoists' of the late 1960s who sought to imitate the Chinese example in the West has become almost a cliché. However right they were to sense in China an unmistakable spirit of rebellion, they were bound to become disillusioned in their search for saviours there. Yet the unanimity with which China's return to normalcy is greeted in the Western press, including the journals of the Left, strikes me as exactly the same error in reverse; a refusal to treat Mao Zedong's project seriously, as if only too relieved to consign it to the historical dustbin.

THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION was only possible because of Mao's personal prestige, which he had won by the success of another concept of revolution that had originally struck the majority of his fellow-Communists as wholly misguided. With his retreat into the countryside in 1928, and the Long March of 1935, Mao proved his ideas in practice, and the Chinese people were led forward to a basic human decency in food, health and education that is the greatest achievement of the Chinese Communist Party.

It took scarcely a decade after the 1949 victory for China to assume its place, by sheer force of example, at the head of the third-world nations. By then Mao's sights were already fixed on a new goal. China should be an



One of the many hate posters which appeared in China well before the trial. From left to right: Wang Hongwen, Zhang Chunqiao, Jiang Qing and Yao Wenyuan.

example to the world, leaving the goulash-socialism of the Soviet bloc behind to strike out on a true change of civilisation: a 'cultural revolution'.

Radical as this concept was, it came out of a central Marxist tradition. Lenin had already used the term in his last years, to denote the need to break down the division between mental and manual labour that is always at the root of the class division, even under the 'dictatorship of the proletariat'. Mao's idea of a cultural revolution was resolutely opposed by the great majority of the Chinese leadership, and could only be launched by relying on immature forces such as the university and high-school students.

This opposition cannot be ascribed just to the resistance of bureaucratic privilege. Mao's opponents then and now, of whom Deng Xiaoping has always been the most talented, really do believe their policies are best for China and its people. The Chinese revolution, after all, was a desperate reaction by the peasantry to their crushing destitution. Deng and his colleagues undoubtedly represent the mainstream of Chinese communism in fixing their course to pursuing material prosperity. The Chinese revolution was also a reaction to the terrible national humiliation of a country that had so long seen itself as the centre of the world. And

the present leaders are also in the mainstream of their tradition in seeking a new place for China in the forefront of science, technology and world affairs. Both these strands were elements of Mao's own vision; it was he who had always demanded that the abstract ideas of Marxism should be married with concrete Chinese reality.

IN THE WAKE of a revolution that, like all revolutions, achieved only one step towards Utopia, Mao Zedong remained a philosopher and freethinker kicking against an orthodoxy he had helped create. And in summer 1966, when he called on the Red Guards to 'bombard the headquarters', he deliberately set in train a process of destabilisation with a quite unpredictable outcome.

Today, it is only the destructive side of the Cultural Revolution that is remembered, from the settling of old scores by individuals to the systematic mistreatment of intellectuals which is particularly attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the 'Gang of Four'. Neither in China nor in the West is there much interest in the 'socialist new things' that the Cultural Revolution produced: the involvement of managers in manual work, the revival of indigenous techniques in medicine, the abolition of examinations and the

development of 'open-door schooling', the settling of educated young people in the countryside, and the many other pioneering practices that are shown, for example, in the series of films by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, *How Yukong Moved the Mountains*.

After the initial phase of defeating the Party apparatus, Mao himself put forward the slogan 'grasp revolution, promote production'. He was well aware that the Cultural Revolution could only strike root if the two went hand in hand. But the contradiction between social transformation and technical modernisation proved much sharper than expected, and it is this above all that led to an impasse. Even those new leaders who rose up with the Cultural Revolution, such as Chen Yungwei and Hua Guofeng, broke with their Maoist allies and aligned themselves with the old guard. There is all the difference in the world between rejecting certain policies because they do not maximise economic growth, and rejecting them as bad in themselves. The present Chinese leadership legitimises itself by conflating the two together, and in this they are followed even by most left-wing Western writers.

Jiang Qing's special role was in the field of the arts, above all the reform of the Beijing opera. It's quite understandable how bourgeois journalists should be scandalised by the appearance on stage of peasants, workers and revolutionary soldiers. Is the return of the emperors and fairy princesses part of 'modernisation', or of something not quite so clearly desirable? And might the same not be asked about the new emphasis on women's 'family duties', the cultivation of individual incentive, the reestablishment of academic elitism and many other things? What does it mean when the billboards that used to read 'We have friends all over the world' now advertise colour televisions, which only a handful of people can afford?

In his last letter to Jiang Qing, Mao wrote: 'In the struggle of the past ten years I have tried to reach the peak of revolution, but I was not successful'. He also predicted: 'If you fail, you will plunge into a fathomless abyss. Your body will shatter. Your bones will break.' The die was soon cast, and the show now opening in Beijing is simply an epilogue. By all accounts Jiang Qing is refusing to play, even though threatened with execution — hardly the opportunist that her enemies like to present.

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Spending cuts are causing local authorities to break the law. Rick Rogers reports on moves to challenge them in court

Fighting the cuts in the courts

THE LAW IS FAST becoming a major weapon in the fight against education cuts and with the announcement of yet more cuts on the way, now is the time to consider taking your local education authority to court.

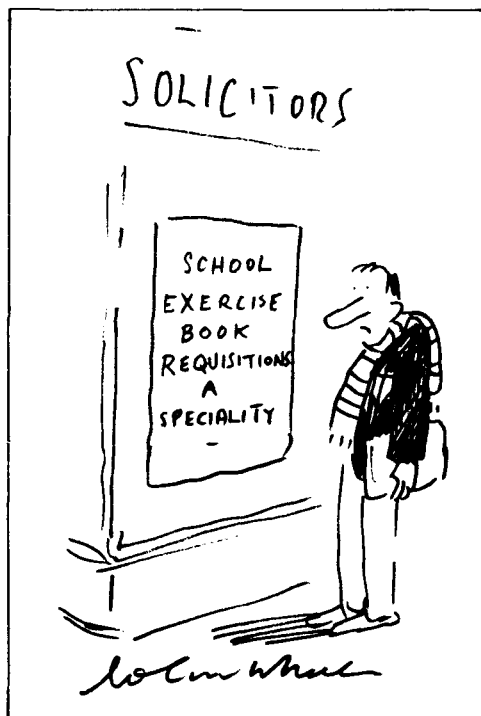
A series of national surveys of the cuts in education — culminating in the soon-to-be-released HM Inspectors' report of the damage now being done — have revealed that many local authorities are in breach of their statutory duties under the 1944 Education Act. In other words, they are no longer offering the educational resources and opportunities they are supposed to — by law. Local protesters are now consulting lawyers both about the predicament of individual schools and an authority's overall schools policy.

In Dorset, a seven-year fight by parents to get sixth-form provision for Lytchett Minster comprehensive is likely to result in legal action. Plans for the town's secondary modern to become an 11 to 18 comprehensive were approved by the Education Secretary in 1973. Despite attempts by the county's education committee to alter the scheme to have instead a sixth-form college in nearby Poole, the original plan went ahead in September 1976. Highly qualified teachers were appointed with the promise of sixth-form work by 1981; the curriculum and exam options were geared to the proposed sixth-form development.

But in 1978, as part of an overall county reorganisation plan, the Lytchett sixth-form proposals were resubmitted for approval by the then Education Secretary Shirley Williams. She promptly rejected them on the grounds that the sixth-form intake would be too small — around 85. (The average size of an English sixth form is around 80.) It is reckoned that Lytchett should have 115 potential sixth formers by 1982.

With a change of government, the plans have been sent for approval yet again. But Dorset has now shelved the required building programme — because of the cuts. The authority claims the cost will be £800,000. But the Lytchett Sixth Form Action Group ridicules this figure as it includes plans for a new sports hall, car parks and bus laybys. Essential facilities could be provided at one tenth of the cost, according to the Group, which has submitted an alternative scheme to cost only £20,000 over two years.

The Action Group maintains that the county



has a legal duty to set up the Lytchett sixth form under the terms of the original 1973 approval. Dorset deny this; county chairman Deric Scott says: 'It would probably be lawful for the county council to develop the sixth form, but they are certainly not under a legal duty to do so.'

Since the proposed sixth-form college at Poole has also been delayed — until 1986 at the earliest — the upshot is that there are no plans at all for Lytchett sixth formers. Parents are being expected to make their own arrangements and seek out provision up to 15 miles away. One estimate puts the cost to the parents of transport alone at over £400 a year. Lytchett parents now fear that with a new round of cuts Dorset will label the school as educationally unviable without a sixth form and propose to close it down to save more money.

Northamptonshire is next to bottom in the local authority league table of the amount spent on pupils for books and equipment. An acute textbook shortage, a worsening pupil/teacher ratio, a substantial cut in secondary science provision and the abolition of all remedial teaching in primary schools have galvanised the county's parent-teacher associations into taking legal advice. If their lawyers reckon the county is breaking the law, the PTAs are determined to take their case to court. In turn, the county has circularised headteachers ordering them not to discuss the effects of the cuts on their schools.

Other groups in East Sussex, Humberside and Dorset are also preparing for court action on the issue of how much an authority is legally obliged to provide in schools. Further areas reckoned by local pressure groups now to be the wrong side of the education law include Sefton, Trafford, Kent and Solihull.

Earlier this year, the threat of court action was enough to make the London Borough of Ealing back down on its plan to abolish 'rising-

fives' entry to its primary schools. Local protesters were aiming to use section 13 of the 1944 Education Act which forbids any significant change in the character of a school without the Secretary of State's approval. Cutting out the rising fives was considered to be doing just that.

Last year's attempt to use the law against Oxfordshire's decision to shut down all its nursery provision was foiled by the Education Secretary himself changing the law to get the county off the hook. For Department of Education lawyers had earlier 'discovered' that local authorities were after all legally obliged to provide nursery schooling under section 8 of the 1944 Act. (They had known it for 35 years, but kept quiet.) Mark Carlisle added a new clause to his 1980 act which turned that duty back to a discretionary one.

The same volte-face is likely to happen over the provision of further education for 16 to 19 year olds. Many local authorities are turning students away from college courses and refusing discretionary grants in order to save money. DES lawyers are currently deciding whether section 41 of the 1944 Act does put a legal duty on authorities to provide further education to anyone who wants it.

The irony is that as Education Secretary Carlisle — a barrister — is himself breaking the law. For example, under section 1 of the 1944 Act, he must ensure LEAs provide a 'varied and comprehensive educational service in every area'. They apparently are not.

Until recently, two factors have held campaigners back from the courts — the lack of precision in the laws governing schooling (for example, no-one has yet defined what is 'sufficient provision') and the requirement to protest first to the Secretary of State, who would not be sympathetic to attempts to hinder his own government's policies.

However, a high court ruling is now clearing the way for local groups to go direct to the courts themselves, bypassing the Education Secretary. The courts have upheld the right of Haringey parents to seek a remedy before the court for their authority's alleged breach of statutory duty for closing local schools during the 1978/9 NUPE strike. That test case ruling can be applied to other alleged breaches of the law by local authorities.

As for the imprecision of the law, the cuts are now biting so deep that deciding what is sufficient is becoming easier as provision begins to disappear. So, if you want to challenge your local authority, here's what to do first. Check out the key sections of the 1944 Education Act — they include section 8 (that schools should be sufficient in number, character and equipment to give all pupils the right opportunities for their age, ability and aptitude), section 53 (LEAs must provide adequate facilities for recreation, social and physical training) and 61 (no fees to be charged for the education provided — which should include equipment).

Gather evidence about what exactly is being cut out or cut back in local schools, both through heads and teachers and the unions of teachers and ancillary workers. Then, take legal advice and start a fundraising drive to pay the legal costs.

Two useful sources of information and advice on further action are David Bull's *What price free education?* (£1.20 from CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2) and *Is your local authority fulfilling its duties?* (30p from ACE, 18 Victoria Park Square, London E2). One test-case that goes the right way could stop the cuts in their tracks.

SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT

The pressures of modern life tend to distract our attention from fundamental realities. There is a spiritual basis to life which many of us are now ignoring at the cost of our happiness and security. There are some eternal verities behind the teachings of all religions. In your own interest, learn something about these from THEOSOPHY, the Ageless Wisdom Religion.

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London Diary

☐ Threatening letters arrive in this office all the time. But a threatening telex is something quite new; rather like computer crime, telephone stoolpigeoning and other glories of the modern age. Ours arrived last Friday, informing us that the Australian government had secured an injunction against the *New Statesman*. It was one of those scandalous *ex parte* injunctions, granted in secret by Mr Justice Boreham. They didn't even tell our lawyers they were going for it. The name of their law firm is, unimprovably, Coward Chance. I'm happy to report that they fouled up their timing, and that only a few hundred copies have not been distributed. So the story of East Timor's obliteration, and the complicity of both British and Australian bureaucracy in the crime, can continue to be freely read. I learn that in Australia, where a similar surprise legal move was employed to try and silence Michael Davie and the *Melbourne Age*, the Indonesian embassy had already bought copies of the book before the action came to court. If terrible old Malcolm Fraser can't make his writ run in Australia, will he find the English judiciary a softer touch?

☐ Not all members of the 'Old Dominion' Commonwealth are in the hands of such bovine conservatism. The Canadian government, I am delighted to tell you, has just introduced a Freedom of Information Act. It goes, in some of its major provisions, even further than similar acts in the United States and Sweden. Departments and agencies of state will be required to meet an information request within thirty days or show a reason why. If they turn down the request, the claimant can appeal to an Information Commissioner with powers to look at documents and enter premises. If this does not satisfy the claimant, he or she can appeal to the Federal Court. Until recently the Trudeau government took the same line as the Thatcher and Callaghan ones, claiming that judicial review of such an Act would be 'impossible' as well as a dangerous encroachment on the ministerial prerogative. Three more brief points: the Act exempts civil servants from prosecution if they release information in the spirit of the law. 'National Security' is held an insufficient reason for a minister to withhold a document. And the citizen can see his or her own file. Pinch me, somebody.

☐ Do you remember Michael Stewart? If you are lucky enough to be too young (like so many *New Statesman* readers these days) then let me fill you in. He was the worst Foreign Secretary Labour ever had, and it fell to him to lie and lie and lie again about the Vietnam war, about Rhodesia and about Biafra. I can still remember the feeling of shame and disgust that all my friends had; the way that the mere sight of Stewart was enough to prompt a shudder. Now he has written a book of memoirs (*Life and Labour*, Sidgwick and Jackson £12.50). It is stuffed with turgid passages of self-regard, and spiced with the occasional whopper. On p.155 appears the following:

Only once, in 1970, at Oxford, did the inter-rupters have it entirely their own way. As soon as I rose to speak they sprang up and began to chant; 'Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi-Minh' and gave no sign of

stopping. The chairman appealed to their leader (Mr Christopher Hitchens, who now writes for the *New Statesman*) but his reply was that if you know what someone is going to say, and know that it is wrong, you are entitled to protect the audience from being misled.

I am not a vindictive man. But I warn Michael Stewart that a tape recording exists of that occasion, and that he is wrong. Oh, and it was that week that Cambodia was invaded. He might have mentioned that as well.

☐ See what you think of this. Last week I went to speak at the Cambridge Union, as seconder to Professor Bernard Crick. Subject of the motion: public schools. Opponents, Michael McCrum and an unpleasing chap called Neil Macfarlane who is a junior education minister. Crick told me before the debate that an old student of his, a lecturer at a London Polytechnic, had been approached by a colleague who works part time for Tory Central Office. The first approach concerned Crick's published work; apparently a junior minister needed briefing on it. The second concerned his private life, how often he had been married, where his children went to school and so on. That one drew a flea in the ear. But in the debate, Macfarlane produced a spiteful and unfunny 'obituary' for Crick, harping on his life rather more than his works. I gather that it was typed on Education Department writing paper. Question: Did Macfarlane get Central Office to do his snooping for him? Or did he get the Private Office, in the intervals of closing schools and cutting children's lunches, to run up a few paragraphs of schoolboy abuse?

☐ It seems that no allegations of 'conflict of interest' will separate Ronald Reagan from Richard Allen. Dropped as a liability in the last days of the campaign, Allen now seems all set to become the Brzezinski of the new administration. I went to one of his briefings in Washington last month, and thought him pretty gruesome. But I didn't know then what I've learned since from my friend Peter Pringle. Allen used to be a paid lobbyist for the Portuguese fascist regime. They paid him \$60,000 every year to sweeten their image, especially their image in Africa. When the Wiriyamu massacre took place in Mozambique in 1972, it was Allen's job to deny it. He did so, for money. But he is still doing so on principle. He told the *Washington Post* in August that the 'incident', as he terms it, 'appears to have been a Czech disinformation report.' There has probably never been a better documented atrocity than Wiriyamu, so it is this episode, rather than his better-known share dealing with Robert Vesco, that makes me a touch appalled when I see Allen so near the helm.

☐ The problem about the Common Market, from a socialist point of view, is that while its disadvantages are mainly economic, its advantages are chiefly political. I've always thought that socialism should establish the ascendancy of politics over economics. That might sound easy to say, but the relative emancipation of Spain, Greece and Portugal should count as much with the British Left as the Common Agricultural Policy. I have been re-reading Professor George Mangakis's famous letter from prison, smuggled out during his period of torture and confinement in 1971. This is my favourite passage:

And we can discern, more clearly than ever before, the enemies of freedom. We tremble for

the fate of this great country which we call Europe. We know that hope hangs upon Europe, and that is the reason why it is constantly threatened. It is very dangerous to nourish the hopes of mankind. Why else should Greece have become enslaved? They built another bridgehead next to those of Spain and Portugal. They are afraid of Europe — that long-suffering fountainhead of ideas . . . The simple citizens of Europe nurture these seeds, keeping them alive thanks to the restless spirit which is so much a part of their being. The wealthy and the powerful are quite right to fear it.

☐ The *New Statesman* is very lucky with its cartoonists and illustrators. Indeed, our commitment to the visual arts is such that our office includes an art gallery (which is more than any of our rivals or competitors can boast). Starting today, the Turnstile Gallery is exhibiting *Heroes and Villains*, John Minnion's collection of political cartoons. As an attender of the preview, I can recommend it very highly. Simultaneously, Ralph Steadman has a show at the Illustrator's Gallery in D'Arblay Street, London W1. Need I say more, except — look out for Colin Wheeler.

☐ I was astonished to hear the recent news about the National Union of Journalists sending a team to the Soviet Union, to meet the 'Cultural Workers' Union' of that great country. Now I see from the *Journalist* — a paper which exhibits to the world that in private life our fellow-craftsmen are every bit as literate as in the capitalist press — that the trip has been scrapped. To be exact:

The NEC decided that, in view of the travelling costs involved, they should turn down the invitation.

So that's all right then.

☐ We get a number of letters complaining that we are too nasty about everybody and everything. I've even had some of these myself. I don't know what image of the staff exists in the mind's eye of the readers, but you would have to go a long way to meet a group of pussycats more purring and furry than we are. By arrangement, then, with the Comp complex, I set the following Christmas poser. An old Spanish saying holds that 'Each man has some aspect of honour'. I hereby challenge any reader to find and describe the honourable side of Henry Kissinger, Ian Paisley, John Tyndall, Yuri Andropov, Michael Stewart or Menachem Begin. And when we've been fair to them I'll think of some more.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ On Mr Haslam's question on ConsGold's black miners, Lord Erroll said: 'Our miners have better conditions than I had at public school when I was a young man.' — *Guardian* (Peter Haden)

☐ A nuclear blast and the American presidential election brought Walthamstow Chrysanthemum Society bang up to the minute on Saturday. For apart from the usual array of beautiful blooms, lady members this year presented a startlingly-inspired display of floral art which fascinated visitors to the show at St John's Hall in Brookcroft Road. Mrs I. Stock's nuclear explosion display used a single white chrysanthemum to represent the core of a holocaust, with charred twigs and foliage depicting atomic devastation. — *Walthamstow Guardian* (Jon Turney)

Electing the Labour leader

From Peter Bottomley MP

Michael Meacher MP included in his case against a one-member-one-vote election of the Labour leader (NS 14 November) the curious sentence: 'For the trade unions with 12,000,000 members will have no more votes than the constituency parties with only some 250,000 members nationally or even than MPs who number at present only 269.'

How many members are there in trade unions not affiliated to the Labour Party? How many others contract out of the political levy? How many more would do so if they were asked if they would like to? How many trade union members vote Labour? How many of them want their union to cast votes in Labour leadership elections? How many unions would split their votes to reflect the divided view of even the Labour supporters among the members?

House of Commons, London SW1

From Ian Wilson

Michael Meacher is quite right to point out that any proposal for the election of the leader of the Labour Party which excludes the trade unions cannot be seriously considered because these bodies are an integral part of the Party. It is a pity that the argument seems to be polarising between those arguing for one-member-one-vote and those pressing for an electoral college. I support the idea of a college with equal shares being allocated to the PLP, affiliated organisations and CLPs, but I believe that the CLP vote should be determined in a way which ensures the maximum possible participation by members.

Each CLP should call an aggregate meeting of all its members which would consider the merits of all the candidates — and then secretly vote as to how its delegates should be mandated. In this way there would be less likelihood of the press influencing the process and it would mean that members would have to make an effort to go along. It should also be necessary for a member to have been a member for at least a year and to have attended at least three branch meetings during that year. In this way we could give a real say to Party members while not denying the rights of other sections of the Party.

39 Mitford Road, London N19

Liverpool Liberals on race

From David Alton MP

The worst sort of political propaganda is based on the premise that mud sticks. The NS has indulged in just such a smear with its allegation (NS 21 November) that Liberals have fanned the flames of racial prejudice in Liverpool with our educational policy.

I challenge any other party to point to a better record on race relations issues than that of the Liberals. Let's get some facts straight. First, there are indeed just over 400 pupils at Paddington School. Mr Rohrer got that right. But he conveniently omitted to point out that the school has a capacity of 2,000. Local people of all colours have voted with their feet against the school. This year, of 400 parents in the Paddington catchment area, only 26 made that school their first preference. Second, the article is malicious in its statement that the Paddington buildings will be handed over to a 'highly selective grammar school'. Paddington, Lawrence and Fairfield schools, all three non-selective, will merge with the Institute Girls' to make the Paddington site viable without destroying the fabric of local education.

Paddington has always been a shibboleth for the Labour Party, a relic from the days when large was beautiful. Parental reluctance to share this enthusiasm was a minor detail. If Labour had their way, all the small local schools would be closed to force parents to send their children to Paddington. No one can be proud of the educational record of inner Liverpool. But shutting down local schools which genuinely are popular would compound that record. Of course we deplore all racialism. But it is not going to be solved by making particular buildings into a totem. What anyway is a 'purpose-built, multi-racial comprehensive'? I have never heard of such a thing. Integrated small schools must be better in the long term than creating ghetto schools. Race relations

must be better in the long term if they are not used to score unjustified points off one's political opponents.
House of Commons, London SW1

Deadly freight

From Graham Searle

Judith Cook's report on nuclear plans for Sizewell and the transport of nuclear waste (NS 14 November) focuses timely attention on one of industrial society's most alarming problems. The movement of this deadly waste material through the British countryside and cities is not the safe and easy procedure that the CEBG would have us believe. It is not true, though, that waste flasks are left unattended at the Leiston railhead for days: they are transferred immediately from road to rail transporters and trundle on slowly (and vulnerably) to join the East Suffolk line at Saxmundham and from there go down to Ipswich. Even in Ipswich they never stay more than a few hours at a siding some distance from the station. The imitation bazooka incident took place at Stratford, East London, not Ipswich; and the 'unguarded flask' at Leiston, of which you publish a photograph, appears to be a wooden dummy used for training purposes.

But, though British Rail is not quite as casual as your reporter implies, the fact that this stuff is being shipped about the country in flasks tested to a collision speed of only 30 m.p.h. can only be a matter for concern. Serious accidents (and less accidental incidents) do occasionally happen on railways and, just because one has not yet happened to a nuclear waste flask, it does not mean that one day it will not.

Sizewell A has in fact been one of the better Magnox stations (perhaps a little better than Judith Cook suggests), but if even this has been running well below its design capacity, what are we to expect from the proposed PWR? The CEBG's newly revealed hopes for a third station at Sizewell might not be based on a PWR, so much as an AGR. As we have already learnt in Suffolk, it should be a basic maxim not to believe what any central authority tells the public. Could the CEBG really be hoping for an even more alarming Fast Breeder for Sizewell C? But what we should really be asking ourselves is why the authorities want more nuclear power. Mrs Thatcher keeps telling us 'there is no alternative' to her policies. If the dozen nuclear power stations she wants are built, there won't be.

Stop Sizewell B Association, PO Box 9, Leiston, Suffolk

Fighting powerlessness

From Kate Losinska, President, Civil & Public Services Association

Anna Coote's article (NS 7 November) is all very well, as far as it goes, but I would like to highlight two criticisms. Firstly, why — in writing about women's issues — do success stories hardly ever rate a mention? To give a few examples; in the Tobacco Workers Union Terry Marsland is Deputy General Secretary, Mary Spurr was the first elected President of the Union of Communications Workers and in CPSA, which has 225,000 members 70 per cent of whom are women, I am currently serving my third term as President. We have 12 women out of 25 on our Civil Service Executive Committee and half our full-time official appointments in recent years have been women.

My second point is this: the role of men in progressing women's rights and women's conditions of service is constantly undervalued. Many of our best advances have been achieved with the help and leadership of male colleagues. What we need to do is to encourage a greater awareness of women's issues among both sexes.

215 Balham High Road, London SW17

From Mary Trevelyan

Anna Coote's article ably mapped out the web of discrimination which holds so many women in low-paid jobs and inactive in their unions. But, no doubt unintentionally, she makes the trade union leadership seem almost benign in this issue. As she points out, the TGWU is just getting around to setting up regional equality committees — that's 12 years after

the TGWU women at Ford struck out for equal pay. It is not simply indifference or hostility to women's rights on the part of trade union leaders which accounts for this crawl-like pace. It is the fact that self-organisation is particularly important for women workers, and the union leaders fear self-organisation.

As it was designed to do, the Equal Pay Act presented union officials with the opportunity to side-step struggles for equal pay by directing cases to the industrial tribunals where they languished. The Sex Discrimination Act has presented the same difficulty. While we need to demand legislation to gain women access to jobs from which they are excluded, self-organisation will be a vital component of the battle.

The National Abortion Campaign showed what could be achieved by obliging the TUC to head the march against the Corrie Bill. Women need to be in the fore in the fight against unemployment and cuts. We can't wait another decade for a little more progress to be made and we can't wait for the union leadership to decide they might help us.

116 Gazeview Road, London N16

Spook erection & gypsies

From A. V. Hackman, Borough Surveyor

I refer to the article by Judith Cook (NS 10 October). I think it ought to be made clear that events referred to in the article took place over 12 months ago, in September 1979. For a number of years there have been gypsies moving around in the Stafford area, often swelled by large numbers coming into the area and creating accommodation problems which the Council has been unable to deal with. These gypsies have consistently illegally occupied car-parks and other lands belonging to the Council in circumstances which, from any practical commonsense point-of-view, could not be allowed to continue. Therefore, action has been taken to remove them.

On all occasions action has been taken through the Courts and employment of outside agencies has been purely for practical removal purposes and at the request of the Court, under the control of the court bailiffs and in the presence of the police. In fact, contrary to what the article implies, I have never personally been present at any time when evictions have taken place. Also, any suggestion that I have entered into any arrangement with any person in connection with any legal proceedings is not true and certainly I was unaware of the 'affectionate' nickname ascribed to me in the article.

Despite some quite severe legal practical snags, Stafford Borough Council has recently been able to open a brand new gypsy site in the centre of Stafford town to cater for 12 gypsy families. This facility cost in the region of £100,000 and to my mind provides incontrovertible evidence of the efforts made by the Council to deal with the gypsy problem.

Stafford Borough Council, Civic Offices, Riverside, Stafford

Arthur & Maggie

From Peter Porteous

It is always a joy to read Arthur Marshall. It is a delight now to watch and listen to him. But how can such a man of humours actually have 'deep admiration' for Mrs Thatcher (NS 7 November)? Before our very eyes she is destroying the people that he holds dear, the British.

Would our Arthur lose respect for a producer of a play that was not going well who called for script changes, a change of cast or even sacked the star? Not the usual socialist analogy perhaps, but I fear that his 'splendid Mrs T.' is in fact losing any similar 'admiration' from her own kind, and that the rumblings of discontent which will shake the foundations of this government are not going to come from the factory floor or even the mines but from the tennis courts of England. For it is that class — a class, I grant you, that nurtured the Arthur Marshalls of our world and bravely protected our democracy 40 years ago — which is taking the brunt of her savage, intransigent and unadmirably dictatorial will. But I am glad that his train was on time.

17A Froggnal, London NW3

But once a year

With dreaded Christmas, a bit of a hollow excitement for the aged childless, just around the corner (and one only hopes that this year not a single penny of public money is going to be wasted on street displays of illuminated and sodden Santas idiotically beaming), one's mind flies back to the days long ago when the percentage of church-goers was very much higher and the general expenditure on tinselly rubbish considerably lower. In the 20s and 30s very few Christmas cards were sent and presents were in general limited to family ones. Some now prefer to insert news of their intentions in the personal columns of papers and I admire those strong minded enough to announce to the world that 'Nibs and Bimbo Ointment are sending no cards this year and are subscribing instead to the NSPCC.' Many of the cards one gets fill one either with guilt (no Christmas quid pro quo from me to them) or a feeling of inadequacy (that '45p' incompletely erased on the back reveals their lavish expenditure, far in excess of one's own 8p). Absence of cards from old chums greatly worried my mother and for days after the event she could be heard muttering things such as 'I simply *cannot* think why I haven't heard from Hilda Desborough.'

I was deeply attached to my Essex grandmother, a lovely circular giggler who took little, except her religion and her good deeds, seriously and with whom we spent most of my youthful Christmases. By the time the festive evening arrived, it had already been an exhausting day for her. She had, of course, attended Holy Communion, together with all the other adults in the house apart from my Uncle Oswald, a firm disbeliever and a provider of ribald jibes ('How was the wine?') at the breakfast table. She had, naturally, led us all to Matins at 11 o'clock, whence she had gone on to visit an old lady in her 'district', for she was a district visitor and one of those who took an interest in the needy and impoverished and helped them in a variety of ways, an activity which would nowadays be considered, I suppose, patronising and unacceptable and damaging to dignity but I doubt if the recipients of her interest and kindness saw it in that way.

At Christmas dinner, and seated near her, I used to watch with some anxiety the changing colours on her face. Although high blood pressure is by no means always revealed in a florid complexion, my dear grandmother went in for colour. Her pressure was said to be the highest in Essex and was even rumoured to have broken, during a test, Dr Bentley's apparatus, though the fact came from my Uncle Oswald, previously shown to be mischievous and not always a trustworthy informant. In her case the damaging pressure showed itself in her cheeks, now crimson, now mauve and settling finally, as her share of the succulent goodies disappeared, for a disturbing purple. I would like to report that, mindful of Dr Bentley's warnings, not to speak of his bust contraption, she ate prudently and frugally but truth obliges me to say that she simply gobbled it all down. The word 'shovel' used as a verb neatly sums up her deft work with fork, knife and spoon. The menu was unvarying. There was turtle soup. There was fish, for to the Victorian that my grandmother was, no dinner was a dinner without it. There was The Bird, stuffed with proper

stuffing (no chestnut rubbish) and with all the necessary and numerous concomitants. Then the lights were momentarily extinguished and my grandmother's parlourmaid, Emma (dead, alas, only last year and at a great age), proudly brought in, to cries of 'Ooooh!', the Christmas pudding, fully alight. There were mince-pies. There was Stilton. There was coffee and port and tangerines and chocs and Brazil nuts and a vast assortment of crystallised fruits, merely pecked at, so full were we and which lingered on for weeks in an increasingly sticky and displeasing mess. Those readers who are sniffing slightly in disapproval and are thinking that we all made pigs of ourselves are quite correct. We did. Should we have been thinking of the starving multitudes elsewhere? Yes we should. Were we? No we weren't.

As there were children present, there were, of course, crackers which were then considered, perhaps as now, to be an indispensably merry part of the proceedings. They certainly looked, dotted about the table and with at least one within reach, very jolly and attractive (difficult to construct an ugly cracker, for its shape alone is agreeable and inviting). They contained, as usual, paper hats, none of which ever suited my grandmother and made her look either like Napoleon on a bad day or a rather raffish pirate or a member of the French revolution en route for Versailles with a grievance. Sometimes there was an exciting box of Indoor Fireworks, for the enjoyment of which Emma brought in a large tin tray on which the various combustibles could be set off and for which, the better to see them, the room lights were again extinguished. There were magnesium flares which sparkled prettily in a twinkling star pattern. There were paper balloons which burst into flames as dramatically as the Hindenburg and then miraculously lifted themselves off the tray and sailed, in blackened ruins, to the ceiling and, after a bit, descended and usually onto something unfortunate — my father's immaculate starched shirt or my aunt's abundant chevelure or, indeed, the crystallised fruits. There were (IGNITE AND STAND WELL BACK) coloured pictures of some shooting scene or other, often a bearded Westerner picking off a Red Indian, and a large X at the rifle tip showed where a glowing match end must be applied, upon

which, and with much spluttering and crackling, a line of fire extended from the gun to the fleeing native and reached him with a loud explosion. For these things my grandmother had her fingers in her ears ('Just tell me when it's over, darling') and wore on her mottled face an expression of intense suffering, probably not so much for the victim's demise as for the din of his passing. And sometimes, though these were usually in the crackers, there were Japanese water flowers which looked, being tightly folded rolls of paper, unpromising but which, laid on the surface of a glass of water, gradually unfolded themselves into entrancing flower shapes and colours.

Grandmothers are not invariably known to their grandchildren as grandmama or gran or granny or, in some sections of society, as nanny (such a muddle for foreigners to unravel). In many cases informality breaks in and a child's stumbling attempts at 'granny' become the chosen name. I have known of a 'Ginny' and even of a 'Gaga'. We called ours, for reasons now lost in the mists of time, Duzzy, or just Duzz. During the first world war, when we lived in London, the Zeppelin raids were thought to be having a damaging effect on my nervous system (actually, I rather enjoyed them and the Zeppelins that came down in flames at Cuffley and Potters Bar, both fully visible in the night sky from where we lived, were better than even the very finest Indoor Fireworks) and so my kind, anxious parents dispatched me to Duzzy and Essex for a recuperative three months. And once I had got over the traumatic shock of being separated for the first time for a lengthy period from my mother, we had a fine old time and formed a bond of close understanding and love that lasted until her death in the early 30s.

And there was an instance of my grandmother's extraordinary and Victorian probity. Schooling was not neglected (I was seven) and I attended Miss Billson's co-educational academy, conveniently close, where in due course we began the art of subtraction in mathematics. Bringing home some elementary subtraction sums and puzzling as to whether I had subtracted 342 correctly from 696, Duzzy pointed out that a good way of checking was to add my result, 354, to 342, and see if it matched the original. She then looked very worried. 'Oh dear, perhaps I shouldn't have told you that. It might be thought to be cheating', and she wrote a note to Miss Billson making a full and frank confession of her wickedness. Some of the feeling of anxiety and evil rubbed off on me and, when I handed in my sums next day, I did not like to catch Miss Billson's eye.

Roger Woddiss

Thanksgiving

Howe, do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee for thy heart and mind and soul,

Thy deep concern for those who are not whole,
The limbless eking out their crippled days.

I love thee for thy overflowing trays,

Dampened by tears for millions on the dole.

I love thee humbly for my begging-bowl;

I love thee for thy quiet disdain of praise.

I love thee with the passion of the old,

Whose bare existence is an act of faith.

I love thee with a love a thousandfold

More robbed of reason than a dying breath.

I love thee for my life — and, being cold,

I shall have thee to answer for my death.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS 1

What People do not Want to Hear

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS reviews the book that comes closest to defying Orwell's ban on a posthumous 'authorised biography'.

George Orwell: A Life by BERNARD CRICK
Secker £10

Lack of power corrupts. Yet any ambitious liberal or reformer will glibly assert the converse, and then cite George Orwell as an authority. There is scarcely a cliché uttered by a Western statesman or editor that does not derive in part from *1984* or *Animal Farm*. But Orwell, who both sensed and experienced the terror of absolute rule, also chronicled the life of those denied exertion of strength by their gentleness, their deference, their poverty or innocence. For Big Brother to triumph, it was necessary to trade on the despair of illiterate hop-pickers, starved Catalans, debt-ridden clerks and wretched, repressed family life.

His hatred of lust for power, and his division of scorn and pity between those who lacked it, was what made Orwell a complicated and sometimes contradictory figure. Marvellously easy to read and admire; accessible in so many ways, plain and simple on the face of things, he still cannot be assimilated to ordinary 'English' patterns. If he could be, then Bernard Crick would have written a standard work.

In the opening pages of *Coming Up for Air*, George Bowling (whom Crick is absolutely right in defining as a Dickensian character) is accosted on a suburban train by another commercial type in need of a light. Without introduction, this man addresses Bowling as 'Tubby'. I have always found this scene incredibly unrealistic, un-English and inaccurate. It is, if I am right, yet another discrepancy between Orwell the writer and the reputation that has been draped over him. That reputation is now used to judge his every action and argument. Attempts to judge his reputation by his actions are apparently out of fashion, or too much trouble. When he defended Shakespeare against the clodhopping criticisms of Tolstoy, or P. G. Wodehouse against the carping malice of Quintin Hogg *et al*, he was of course being 'quintessentially English'. So, when he defended Henry Miller, Salvador Dali and James Joyce, are we to suppose he was quintessentially cosmopolitan? Do such portmanteaux, when unpacked, prove to be worth the bother?

Professor Crick does not concern himself very much with questions like these. With his predecessors Peter Stansky and William Abrahams* (who receive some well-merited rebukes in his book) he takes a fairly orthodox and medium-paced view. And, as the trusted scrutineer of Sonia Orwell's archive, he comes the closest yet of anybody to defying Orwell's ban on a posthumous 'authorised biography'. Where Stansky and Abrahams were precious, Crick can be blunt. Where they were speculative, he can often have the final say.

As one of the keystones of our social democratic professoriat, Crick treats his subject with appropriate gravity. There is certainly no danger of him being 'betrayed into purple passages'. But he does have a tendency to generalisation, as in the following extract:

Yet his [Orwell's] influence has been to reprove backsliding socialists, to sustain democratic Socialists (he always capitalised it thus) and to win back Communist fellow-travellers rather than to convert non-socialists.

This is an inadequate summary of all those — Raymond Williams, Isaac Deutscher, Edward Thompson and Conor Cruise O'Brien — who have criticised Orwell from the Left as a pessimist and a co-sponsor of the Cold War. It is also a misleading account of the many centrist and liberal types who find in Orwell something to admire which they do not detect in socialism as a force. This lack, or relative lack, of political nuance makes Crick's narrative slightly flat at times.

Its chief strength lies in its thoroughness and its honesty. Crick has no time for the



'Blair into Orwell' transformation allegedly discovered by Stansky and Abrahams (a piece of work which always reminds me of Louis Althusser's phoney 'epistemological break' between young and old Marx). He's certainly correct in stressing the primacy of experience over 'character'. And he freely admits that some of the source material is in poor shape, and that many conclusions must remain provisional. Still, while being courteous to them in general, he can show Stansky and Abrahams a thing or two about use of evidence when it comes to Orwell's prep school, his teacher, his travels and the disputed question of whether he was sterile as a husband (Crick says that it can't be proved and therefore shouldn't be asserted).

Yet character is important. In the Forties Orwell was lunching with Malcolm Muggeridge at the Little Akropolis in Charlotte Street. When Kingsley Martin came in, Orwell asked Muggeridge to change places so that he could be spared the sight of 'that corrupt face' all through the meal. Crick throws in this fine anecdote almost casually. Could it not have been pressed into more effective service?

Is that not the same man who resented the memory of his own sycophancy at school, detested the *bien-pensant* Left press in Spain, and who had been revolted by his own hypocrisy in Burma? In almost all cases, Orwell's attitudes were determined by a very developed sense of immediate, *personal* responsibility. Yet there is something bloodless in Crick's account of him, as if his emergence on the scene and his oddly 'English' spikiness was somehow to be expected. If he was distilled from such plain and decent qualities, how come he was so unique in his generation?

Crick quite likes English empiricism, and I suspect that he sees Orwell as a fine exemplar of it. In fact, Orwell was interested in theory and theorists, and took them seriously. A better word for his method might be *practical*; he always wanted the confirmation of conviction by experience. Stansky and Abrahams, obsessed with breaking the code of 'Englishness', muddled this point. Crick, I fear, is too much at home with England to see how different Orwell was.

The best parts of the book are, I think, the several accounts of Orwell's battles on and with the Left. He was a Dreyfusard by nature, and did not ask *cui bono?* when faced with a case of injustice or censorship on his own side. The revolting conduct of Kingsley Martin and the *New Statesman* over the Spanish War is well-known. But Crick has unearthed much new material about the other left-wing poseurs who always remembered an urgent appointment elsewhere when trouble threatened. Of Orwell's publishers Victor Gollancz comes out as a moral coward and Fredric Warburg as less upright than he depicted himself. The National Council for Civil Liberties emerges (then) as a Stalinist front. (Especially when it came to sticking up for anarchists; incidentally Crick, who is fond of anarchists, spells Emile Témime in two different ways, neither of them correct.)

The struggle to publish *Animal Farm*, and the engagements not just with fellow-travellers but with the evasive Faber editor T. S. Eliot and the *petit commerçant* Jonathan Cape, is itself an allegory of England at the time, and Crick tells the story very well. He has also brought to light the India Office files which deal with official attempts to hamper Orwell's movements; these should be read by anyone who has a taste for the genteel police mentality so prevalent in the period. Other vignettes stay in the mind: Orwell hiding with Willy Brandt on the *Ramblas* in Barcelona; Orwell stuffing a hasty ten-bob note into an envelope of rejected poetry while literary editor of *Tribune*. Crick makes use at one point of Blake's reference to 'the tribe of the tiger and the lamb'; he certainly makes a good case for Orwell's membership.

Where I think he is mistaken is in his comparison of Orwell with Hobbes. There is certainly an echo of *Leviathan* in *1984*, but the deadly and crushing pessimism, so memorably rendered, is redeemed in a way that Hobbes's is not. 'If there is hope, it lies in the proles.' That may not cheer everybody up — indeed it

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depresses some people even to think about it — but it was certainly intended as affirmative. Orwell was of the age of the Holocaust and the Gulag, but he managed to see it coming where others didn't, just as he saw the point of social revolution in Catalonia while other tourists looked the other way. He was, as Crick points out, a Puritan without being intolerant. He also helped to define the crucial point where a euphemism or a simplification becomes a lie. 'Liberty is what people do not want to hear.' That is almost a paraphrase of Rosa Luxemburg. To call it English decency is to reduce the measure of the man.

**The Unknown Orwell and Orwell: the Transformation (Constable)*

John Arden

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On Saturday Mrs S —, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamant, soft and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock Alley Theatre. . . . She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! . . . The very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood', blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter. . . . One hundred and nine ladies fainted! . . . fourteen children, five old women, one hundred taylor and six common councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears. . . .

Despite the *double entendre* in the first sentence, this is not an account of an 18th-century strip-tease show but a Dublin critic's sardonic view of the arrival on his native boards of Sarah Siddons, sometimes described as the greatest English actress ever — though Linda Kelly, I am glad to say, is much too competent as a theatrical biographer to indulge in such unprovable hyperbole. Let us however accept that Mrs Siddons was the greatest actress that her audiences had seen, that their taste would certainly not have been quite the same as our taste, but none the less we can be sure that by anybody's standards she was an amazing performer. She had arrived in Dublin after a spectacular season in London, she needed to consolidate both her glory and her income ('Then, as for the rest of her career, she was indefatigable in her quest for money') in the colonial metropolis, and the critical sniping evidenced above was not the only local difficulty she faced.

The Smock Alley Theatre was run by a slimy gurrier of a manager who specialised in blackmailing his leading ladies into bed with him: the public was rowdy, and unpredictable in its responses to visiting celebrities from over the water: the town was what she called 'a sink of filthiness' and the press. . . . well, the press there, as far as the theatre is concerned, remains today much as it was then, and can be encountered with equal mortification by any artists rash enough to 'expose their persons' around the annual Dublin Festival. 'Cutting down to size' is the usual term and most of us

deserve it: you have to be a Mrs Siddons to sweep through it unscathed. She defied the obscene managerial advances with forbidding hauteur, accumulated over a thousand pounds, and brought back with her, in triumph, to London her less magnetic, but no less intense, brother, John Philip Kemble, whose career had been slower than hers to take off. He had been stuck in Smock Alley for two years: now he and Sarah were all set to become the twin pillars upon which the fortunes first of Drury Lane and then of Covent Garden were to be upheld for a generation.

The anonymous Dublin pressman was not wholly untruthful. Not only audiences wept like hungry children — other actors at work on the same stage as the Kembles were infected with emotional storms — not always to the advantage of the play. One unfortunate young man, playing opposite John Philip's *Coriolanus*, accused him (as laid down in the script):

For that he has . . .
Enviied against the people . . . *etcetera*,

and then went on in an uncontrollable ad-lib:

And that he is always seen going about the streets
making everyone uncomfortable. . . .

There can be no doubt they were giants of pathos, passion, sensibility, sentiment, and — probably only too often — self-indulgent sentimentality. The public worshipped them, and occasionally laughed at them. When Kemble felt forced by rebuilding costs after the Covent Garden fire to put his prices up, his audiences neither worshipped nor laughed but rioted so hard they stopped his performances for 67 nights until he surrendered. He had, however, brought in his private heavy-gang (professional bruisers), and these had been overwhelmed. Pathos, sensibility. . . . and physical force where deemed necessary. A devious combination peculiarly characteristic of the period: our own lower-toned era, however, still favours it more often than we might care to allow. The French called it 'perfidious Albion': the Irish still do. It reached its nadir, I suppose, when Master Betty of Belfast, an insufferable infant phenomenon, nearly ruined the Kembles in 1804 by the acclaim he achieved for his performances in adult roles. The strong men who had devastated this juvenile's own rebellious Ulster, and who were already in process of ferociously eliminating any hope that the better elements of the French Revolution might take root in English political philosophy, wept and yearned at him like teenage girls wetting their pants for the Beatles. Mrs Siddons disdained to compete: her brother had a bad cough and stayed backstage. Might not one say they had been paid in their own coin. . . .?

The exact nature of the coin is demonstrated in almost indigestible detail in Professor Hagstrum's erudite book. Very erudite book. In fact, so elaborate is the Professor's determination to leave no stone unturned in his exploration of 17th — 18th-century emotions, that I found it hard to make out exactly what it was he wanted to say half the time. Approximately, and with the furtively-sought assistance of the summary included in the blurb, one could hazard a guess: his theme leads on from what is called a 'radical notion' about Milton into:

the antithetical themes of heterosexual love-friendship and of morbid-irregular passion in Dryden, Pope, Otway, Behn, and Swift, among

others . . . Love in the novel . . . Richardson and Rousseau, Sterne, Goethe, and Austen . . . parallels in music and painting . . . Handel and Mozart, Watteau and Greuze.

My goodness, yes: *but* — the 'radical notion' turns out to be, that

although committed to a hierarchical view of the sexes, [Milton] firmly believed that heterosexual friendship was the only true sacramental force in marriage.

Now, when I was 15, I was taught that about Milton by a perfectly ordinary non-revolutionary schoolmaster. Does it really need 22 pages of line-by-line exegesis to establish the plausibility of so simple a view?

The problem seems to be that Professor Hagstrum has read so deeply and so widely in his favourite period of literature (he has obviously forgotten more prose and poetry than I have ever even looked at), that he is no longer capable of discerning wood from trees. Which is a terrible pity: because his favourite period is not a very popular one today and — for example — the tragedies of Dryden, or the paintings of Greuze, do badly need to be sympathetically re-interpreted for the 20th century. After all, like Mrs Siddons, they were once highly honoured by persons of undoubted discrimination, and we would be foolish indeed to think they were all fools in those days — our own tastes must be no less fallible. To put it bluntly, we all want to know where we came from, how we got there, and what is the most agreeable way by which we may repeat the procedure.

But to attempt this task accoutred in the full canonicals of analytical academic scholarship seems to me to be overloading the lugger to such an extent that only a few intrepid fellow-professors will dare put their feet on the gang-planks. Added together Hagstrum's sentences resemble all the 18th-century monuments in Westminster Abbey lined up for an exclusive exhibition — a sort of memorial intimidation at the highest level of technical expertise and moral hortation. Take this paragraph about Pope:

One of the most striking and paradoxical features of this urbane, witty, and exquisitely Popean portrait is that at its highest the ideal is seen as illustrating this theme — *la donna é mobile; varium et mutabile est semper femina*; or, as Pope puts it, 'Woman's at best a Contradiction still' (270). . . . Oddly, we remember in this moment of praise that he had bawdily described the hermaphroditic child in writing to the Blount sisters. . . .

Now we don't in fact remember anything of the sort unless we are graced with Professor Hagstrum's amazing card-index mind, and the '(270)' reference, to an edition of Pope, is nothing less than a put-down for any reader not sitting in a college library with every requisite volume to hand. I like literature, music and painting; I enjoy (much of) the 18th century; I take part in — and frequently think, write, and sing about — sexual intercourse: I really hoped this book would stimulate all these interests. But it froze me out, and — reviewing it — it makes me feel the worst sort of philistine. Ms Kelly's bitchy theatricals had a much shorter way with it, and honestly I prefer their (and her) style. Mrs Siddons, six months pregnant, undertook to play *Lady Macbeth*: '“I suppose”, said one wit, “she means to carry all before her. . . .”'

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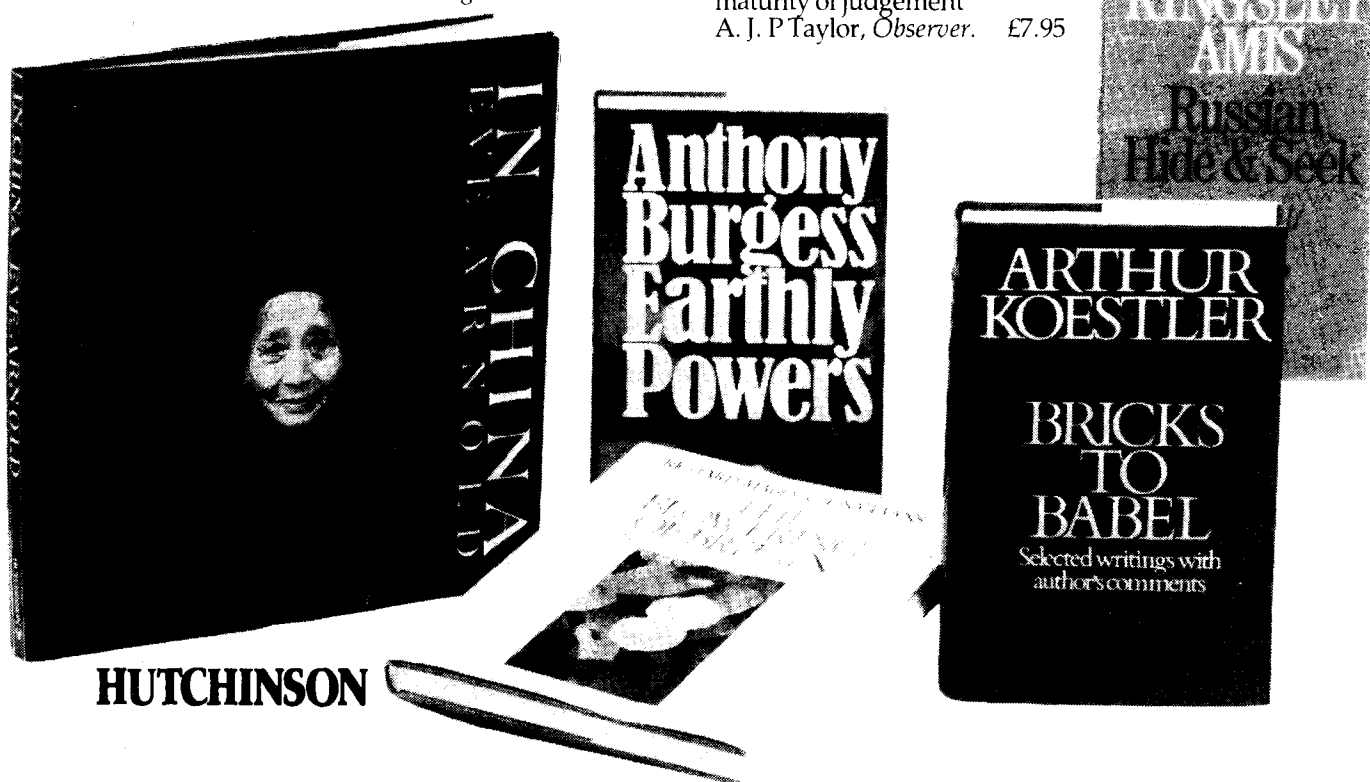
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Sula by TONI MORRISON *Chatto* £6.50

It is remarked of one of Richard Stern's characters that 'Ulysses had come home. To nothing worth singing about', and throughout this remarkable collection of short stories the frustrations and disappointments of middle age are prominent as both subject and motive. The protagonists face failure, infidelity, the absence of love, but the tone, like the material, is restrained from becoming romantic. Where it tries is in a first-person narrative like 'Wissler Remembers' in which the sentiment is made ironic by the self-esteem and pedantry of the narrator. Wissler is a professor of English who has taught widely in Europe, not perhaps with the best results: the attempt at a retranslation into English by his pupils of his translation into French of 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening' is one of the funniest things in the book: 'To whom are that wood, I believe to know it' etc. Tenderising everything around himself into a kind of platonic *ars amatoria* he enthuses on teaching as 'a system of love', its objects for him changing year after year with the 'intimate sadness of the last class' but ideal and renewable as well. The vocation is seen as one which thrives on but inevitably disappoints love — it is 'love with the sexuality displaced'. Such an art of compensation characterises many of the fictional situations. A geographer and very minor poet has regular correspondents whom he has never met, distant, egocentric, but still 'blessed', peopling if only phantasmally the vacancy of his life. An academic who has worked on Rochester is distant from both his idol's life and his art; he has 'no career of make-believe, only a non-career of it', and, ignored by his more successful academic wife, still fails to prove himself with the wife of another. Other characters, facing at best the 'weak hope' of their lives, and without the consolations of art, invent an art about themselves, 'surviving trouble by recounting it', creating their own sagas which flourish in inverse proportion to their worldly success: 'Perhaps what counted for him was not the girl, but what he could invent about her. The less there was to work with, the more he could invent.'

The effect of all this is to create a subtle self-consciousness in the book; they are stories about story-making and define an area of artistic potential in the power of language and the alchemy of memory. In the dismaying final story the aged Dr Cahn has virtually lost his memory, the possibility of narrative logic with regard to himself is gone, and his understanding of life is expressed in a nonsense of jargon from the bridge-table. Many of the characters and situations are academic, but there is nothing deadeningly schoolish about Stern's writing: like Auden's Housman he 'attacks the life he leads', the

world of 'H. Miller, H. Bloom, G. Hartman and S. Fish (whom Kiest rebaptised as Grinder, Wither, Thrombosis and Carp)'. He is incisive, economical, reserved — and aware of the further irony of wishing to 'achieve clarity by reduction': all the observed and felt life which is the writer's material ends up helplessly in the little compass of these 'Packages'.

Kenneth Gangemi's self-consciousness is much more radical: *The Interceptor Pilot* is an attempt to do away altogether with the established conditions of fiction, not only technically but morally. The book is written as a film: not merely employing cinematic techniques as Burroughs might, nor a stylised shooting-script for a film, but simply a description of an imaginary film. The objective of this is to eliminate the filter of moral enquiry and reflection which is constituted by the novelist's style and presence, and to throw into its proper ambiguity the moral behaviour of the protagonist, Wilson, a retired US Navy pilot who has fought in Korea and who, to appease his own tormented memory of the atrocities, becomes an interceptor pilot for the Russians in North Vietnam. There is almost no dialogue (conversations are summarised) and Gangemi comes as near as possible to the elimination of style.

The complications set in when it becomes apparent what sort of film is being described; it is not one which, if made, would be at all experimental in itself. The techniques are all instantly recognisable to the point of cliché. The advantage of this is that our cinematic experience makes it visually very clear, but equally the film is loaded with moral presuppositions, intensified by its conventionality: it is favourable to some characters and not to others, rich in sympathetic American detail, and comically vague about Russia: 'In the background is a magnificent range of snow-capped mountains — possibly the Urals.' The psychology is rudimentary and corny, and the technique reveals the banality as well as the concision of cinema: 'All the signs are there, and we can see that a love-affair is in progress.' The concluding aerial duels of Wilson and his old commander chum, whom he kills, and the magnificent, sunglasses-wearing, impassive marine lieutenant, who finally kills Wilson, are entirely predictable. This is deliberate and promotes in us a stronger self-consciousness about the conditioning of our responses to film and to life; but the strategy is so amply ambiguous that it muddies the clarity of the idea; in the process of escape into experiment Gangemi seems to rediscover just how fettered we all are.

Sula is a re-issue of Toni Morrison's first novel: its main virtue is its strong evocative writing which is never over-strenuous or too embalmed, though these are clearly dangers in a saga which is framed in elegiac retrospects that mourn the passing of the bad old times. The saga (from 1919 to 1965) has the resonance of communal legend frequently found in black fiction: the strong sense of community protects itself by superstitions and stories, a habit that provides an easy short-cut for the novelist, who produces characters and events as if they came from a gallery of characters we all knew well. This instinctive confidence in story is a great strength, but it can become too easy, and *Sula* herself remains mysteriously insubstantial. The novel's often highly disturbing events retain in the telling an irreducible deposit of sentimentality.

Ian Black

Old Testament

Communism in the Arab East 1918-1928 by
SULIMAN BASHEAR *Ithaca Press* £7.50

The Palestine Communist Party 1919-1948 by
MUSA BUDEIRI *Ithaca Press* £8.50
Khamsin 7 *Ithaca Press* £2.50

Communists and their parties have not featured prominently on the stage of modern Middle Eastern history. Forms of Arab socialism — Ba'athism, Nasserism and their offshoots — have made a deeper imprint on the region (albeit more through their rhetoric than their achievements) than any doctrine or method anchored in the traditions of orthodox Marxism. Yet Communist activity in the Arab East dates back well beyond these national roads to social and economic emancipation — to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire after the first world war and the drawing of a radical new political map, which, with changes here and there, still exists.

The enflamed passions, aroused in the Middle East and beyond, by any aspect of the region's modern history have traditionally concentrated both popular and academic attention on the major forces which interacted to shape it today: imperialism, Arab nationalism, and the rise of Zionism in Palestine. A third, effective, force that could override the claims of these conflicting interests was — and is — conspicuous by its absence.

Suliman Bashear's study of Middle Eastern

Communism in its first, formative decade after the Great War shows clearly that the movement had little chance from the start. British officials in Egypt, the strategic linch-pin of Whitehall's imperial strategy and the most politically sophisticated country in the *Mashraq*, were quickly successful in eradicating the 'Bolshevik contagion'.

It was a relatively easy task: objective conditions in Egypt and the Fertile Crescent weighed heavily against any success for local Communists. The Egyptian party, which seemed initially to have some prospects of taking over the rising labour movement, clashed directly with the nationalists led by Zaghlul. While nationalism itself was relatively new-fangled and demanding, Marxism emerged as an exotic import of deraciné aliens, all too easily infiltrated or declared undesirable by the colonial authorities.

The Comintern's attitude, Bashear shows, was far from helpful. First sanctioning collaboration with the revolutionary wing of the nationalist bourgeoisie, it was later to argue that the 'temporary stabilisation' of capitalism required the application of the united front tactic. The disastrous failure with the Kuomintang in China ushered in an ultra-left, class-against-class line that was in turn replaced, after the rise of Hitlerism, by renewed permission to work with the bourgeoisie, this time minus its putative revolutionary allies.

Neither Bashear's book, nor Musa Budeiri's study of the Palestine Communist Party, devotes anything like sufficient attention to the class composition of the groups and parties spawned by the region's Marxists in these early years, or, for that matter, to the economic condition of the peoples they hoped to hitch to the

caravan of progress. Although both are of deep factual interest (Budeiri has interviewed many of the surviving members of the Palestinian party) to anyone concerned with a largely overlooked subject in a neglected period of modern Middle Eastern history, they are marred by the lack of literary polish that seems to be a hallmark of Ithaca products. And neither has smoothly achieved the difficult transition from doctoral thesis to book form.

Both authors agree on the irony of the fact that the successful suppression of the Egyptian CP, plus the failure, almost from birth, of any indigenous Communist activity in the Arabian peninsula, Iraq, and, to a lesser extent, in Syria and Lebanon, shifted the focus of interest to Palestine. There, the East European Jewish immigration that followed the Balfour Declaration in 1917 had secreted small but highly active cells of uncertain left-wing Zionists, persuaded by the increasingly apparent contradiction between their Socialist ideals and Palestinian reality 'to raise the sharpest protest against the handful of Zionists who wish to connect the fate of the Jewish masses with the name of the bloodthirsty imperialist bands of robbers'.

Their position, Budeiri illustrates, was tenuous, to say the least. Isolated from the Arab masses (who took 1 May to be a Jewish, not a proletarian holiday) and forced to swallow their recent memories of Czarist pogroms when the Comintern characterised the 1929 slaughter of Jews (mostly members of the old, orthodox non-Zionist *yishuv*) as a 'revolutionary uprising', these Jewish Communists watched more or less helplessly as their party shifted away from internationalism and underwent an official process of Arabisation.

Arab membership of the Party grew through-

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DENT

out the Thirties, but, however much they disliked the national leadership of the Mufti, Haj Amin al-Husseini, or his pro-Hashemite Nash-ashibi rivals, its new comrades were inevitably motivated more by narrow anti-imperialism than by any firm commitment to social revolution. One new recruit joined on hearing that Willie Gallacher had defended Arab rights at Westminster.

The growing isolation of the Jewish members — taken a step further in the Forties by the creation of the almost exclusively Arab National Liberation League — foreshadowed the subsequent support of both Arab and Jewish Communists for partition, when Andrei Gromyko gave it Moscow's imprimatur at the

UN General Assembly in November 1947. If the creation of the State of Israel was the original sin, then the Soviet Union and its supporters on both sides of the national divide in Palestine were as implicated in it as anyone else. And the Communists' support for partition, was, as Budeiri succinctly concludes, 'a belated recognition of their failure to discern the existence of a new reality in the country: the transformation of the Jewish community into a national entity'.

The ideological heirs (now tinged by Trotskyism, Maoism and doctrines various) of these early revolutionaries are still trying to get the caravan on the road, as shown by the latest issue of *Khamsin*, 'a committed journal . . . produced in London by revolutionary socialists of the Middle East'. Poorly edited and annoyingly repetitive, it nevertheless includes some useful articles, notably one by Emmanuel Farjoun, of the anti-Zionist Israeli

group, Matzpen, on the role of the Palestinian labour force in the economy of the Jewish state.

Khamsin, which could not be produced anywhere in the Middle East except in Israel or in some parts of Lebanon, provides revealing insights into disputes within the Arab Left over the correct future course for the Palestinians. Mohammed Ja'afar puts it to Salim Tamari, a lecturer from Bir Zeit University in the occupied West Bank, that, 'in contraposition to a PLO regime on the West Bank co-existing with a Zionist State in Israel, the programmatic goal of revolutionary socialists should be the creation of a thoroughly new Socialist order . . . elevated above the putrid narrow limits of nationalism'. In the light of the recent history examined in these volumes, this is a position of such abstract courage and purity that its general acceptance is likely to keep the Palestinians on the dustheap to which they have so long been consigned.

Oswyn Murray

A Moral Problem?

Ancient Slavery and Modern Ideology by
M. I. FINLEY *Chatto* £8.50

The most difficult problem for the modern ideologue in the study of ancient slavery is to comprehend the essential otherness of his perceptions. For the Greeks and Romans slavery was a phenomenon common to all known civilised societies. Theorists might argue about its justification: whether it was based on laws of nature, the domination of the strong over the weak, or the right and duty of the superior being to protect and use the inferior for the benefit of both; or whether it was merely a customary institution based on historical acts of conquest and enslavement. Nature or culture, arguments could be found for both viewpoints on the common ground that this was a universal phenomenon, which could be dispensed with only before time or out of space, in those explicit utopias whose purpose has always been to demonstrate the limits of social change; not even slaves in revolt conceived of societies without slaves.

No one therefore campaigned for the abolition of slavery, and no one regarded the institution itself as raising serious moral questions. The comparative absence of ancient evidence on the subject of slavery is not a sign of guilt, but a consequence of the institution being taken for granted. Greeks and Romans were far more concerned about the morality and desirability of wage labour: to pay free men for their services in employment was indeed a degrading form of exploitation. These attitudes held throughout antiquity, and were not changed by the triumph of Christianity. The fact that slavery was not a problem to antiquity is precisely our most pressing problem.

Apart from the collection and evaluation of the evidence (itself no neutral pursuit), modern writers have responded in two ways. The first is essentially moral; it starts from disapproval of the institution, and proceeds either to denounce or excuse the ancients for accepting it. The characteristic questions raised are ones such as how Greeks and Romans could reconcile their acceptance of slavery with their respect for the individual, to what extent human relations entered into slavery to

mitigate it, and whether or not Stoicism, Christianity, or any other legal, religious or social phenomenon affected the institution; there is plenty of evidence on which to base such discussions. The second way regards slavery as a primitive type of economic organisation at least comparable with other relations of production such as serfdom and wage labour, and perhaps involved with these relations in a larger historical process; this approach throws up questions about the relative efficiency or inefficiency of slavery, its effect on technological progress, and the extent to which ancient institutions were 'dependent' (whatever that may mean) on slave labour.

The popularity of this historical style is largely explained by its emphasis on hard facts, in theory quantifiable, in practice undiscoverable; it also of course owes much to Marx, though it did not originate with him and is not confined to 'Marxists'. Because of the distribution of the evidence the moralising approach has in practice led to far more solid results than the economic.

Over the last 20 years Moses Finley has written a number of important articles and surveys about ancient slavery; this first book is not a systematic account of his ideas, but a collection of four lectures on four separate aspects. Finley is himself an eclectic. The enquiry is conducted in a spirit of moral fervour which puts him firmly with the moralists, though he seeks to emphasise the guilt of the ancients while most try to palliate it: the ferocity of his polemic against the moralists is the result of shared assumptions and opposite conclusions. In contrast Marxists get comparatively easy dismissal, though Finley himself has in the past raised the fury of the orthodox by his insistence on replacing Marxist categories of class with Weberian categories of status in discussions of the ancient economy. It is not easy to characterise the resulting mix, but perhaps essentially for Finley, if the questions are often those which belong to the Marxist tradition, the answers are given in moralist terms: judgment not evaluation is the aim.

Predictably therefore the most interesting essay in this book is that on 'slavery and humanity'. Much of it is directed against a col-

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tion of essays by the German historian Joseph Vogt, *Ancient Slavery and the Ideal of Man* (Blackwell 1974), which Finley sees as a systematic attempt to emphasise the humane aspects of ancient slavery; this view has some justification, if one ignores the longest and most important essay in the book, on slave revolts. Finley himself argues two points. The first is that we must distinguish 'between more or less humane treatment of individual slaves by individual masters and the inhumanity of slavery as an institution'; the second is that the psychology of the slave is fundamental to the success of the institution: the phenomenon of acceptance by the victim is a complex one which bears little relation to the degree of humanity of the system. While this is true, I am not sure that it is surprising, since acceptance by the slave of the necessary existence of slavery (even when in revolt) is only a facet of universal acceptance of the institution.

Two other essays discuss the traditional questions of the origins and disappearance of classical slavery. Finley is by nature and training a functionalist, seeing society as a static set of interrelated institutions, and it is very interesting to watch him dealing with such massive questions of social reorientation. There is a neat symmetry to his theory, which sees the origins of the slave economy in the disappearance of an agricultural serfdom, and its disappearance in the re-emergence of this same serfdom. Finley admits that his theory is formally remarkably close to that put forward by Eduard Meyer in 1898, of which he earlier says:

In sum, Meyer's lecture on ancient slavery is not only as close to nonsense as anything I can remember written by a historian of such eminence, but violates the basic canons of historical scholarship in general. . . .

But then, in Finley's own formulation, Meyer's 'fiction' is Finley's 'speculation'. Both theories at least lay admirable emphasis on the connection between slavery and relations of production, but Finley's seems to suffer from the belief that such major social changes are capable of being adequately explained by a single cause, the need for tied labour on the part of a landed aristocracy.

The actual complexity of the phenomenon of change is at least demonstrated by the copious evidence from late antiquity, where the decline (not the disappearance) of slavery is only one small aspect of a general socio-economic evolution. For the origins of slavery the evidence is less satisfactory, but certainly does not support Finley's 'hypothesis': agricultural serfdom was an abnormal phenomenon in early Greece which can hardly explain the almost universal acceptance of slavery. If one factor is to be invoked, it would be more plausible to emphasise slavery at home as the natural corollary of the position of the Greeks as the chief slave traders of the eastern Mediterranean, from the beginnings of Greek trade in the 8th century to the age of Ezekiel: 'Javan, Tubal and Meshech, they were thy merchants: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy market.' It was the maritime states of Greece, not the agrarian communities, who were famous for the size of their slave populations. Finley's insistence on a single explanation and his rejection of other possibilities are especially odd, since he has already said 'a genuine "synthesis" of the history of ancient slavery can only be a history of Graeco-Roman society'. Such a functionalist approach has always been the strength of Finley's approach to history.

New Statesman 28 November 1980



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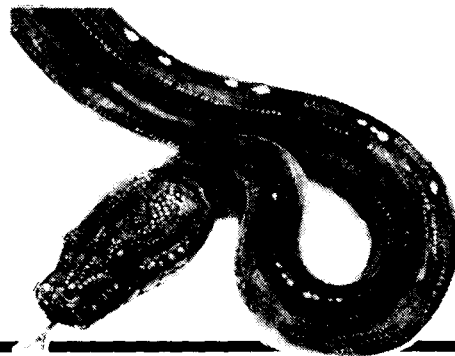
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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Race, sex and class in children's books: 3

The devil & the deep blue sea

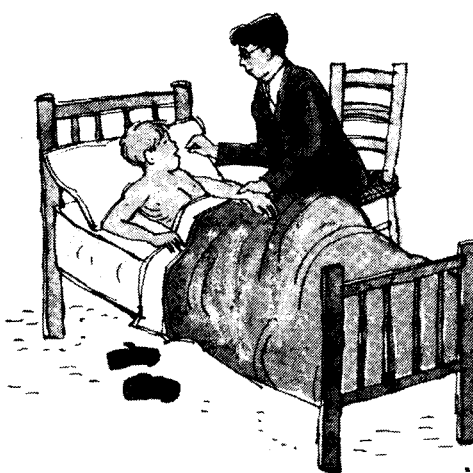
In the third article in the present series on 'racism', 'sexism' and class bias in children's books, the author JILL PATON WALSH challenges the social critics and 'vigilantes' who, she argues, present a threat to genuine literary values.

THE IDEA that anyone might write for children *not* as a teacher in disguise, nor as an extra-curricular psychiatric social worker, seems strange to many people. Even among well-meaning and well-informed adults many are asking writers how to use their books to teach non-readers, or making lists of 'developmental values' present in works of fiction, in order to assist in matching books-about-the-problem with readers-with-the-problem; compiling in effect a bibliotherapist's pharmacopoeia, and then worrying about the gaps in it (nothing for pre-pubertal transvestites in Midland towns); treating children's books as one would be treating adult literature if one rushed to buy *Anna Karenina* for friends suspected of adultery, or ministered to distressed old age with copies of *King Lear*.

In a world in which most people know absolutely nothing about what is being written in their time for children, and many who know assume that the purpose of books is the manipulation of the beliefs and behaviour of the reader; in a world in which everybody is interested in race and class and sex, and very few are interested in books, it is not surprising that charges that contemporary children's books are sexist, or are 'saturated with racism', once made, are readily believed. Meetings are held, anxious parents begin to write to book-page editors for lists of 'safe' books, apparently under the impression that the ordinary run of children's books are vicious. 'Guidelines' drawn up for in-house use by the American publishing house McGraw-Hill mysteriously get circulated by the Equal Opportunities Commission. What is at risk in all this is the favourable atmosphere in which children's literature has flourished in recent times. Make no mistake; even if you, reading this article, have never heard of its most loved titles and best known names (but then have you read any children's books since your own childhood?) it is a *literature* which is being discussed and which is now being attacked with false accusations.

It is the fear that defending children's books from charges of racism may be misunderstood, or misrepresented as defending what occasional instances of racism there may be in children's books, that tempts writers to suffer in silence when being collectively slandered. But are the accusations untrue? I think one must distinguish between charges of racism and charges of sexism, though they are often made together, and by the same people.

To start with racism. It may well be that there are still, for example, old geography books in use which depict the life and customs of the African in ways damaging to his dignity. But I have been writing and extensively reading fiction for children for 17 years. When the charge is extended to apply to the field that I know about, I find it preposterous.



What are They? by Ruth Ainsworth and Ronald Ridout (Purnell). They're all men — fathers — with professions and skills. Ann's father is a doctor. So Ann, being a girl, plays at being — a nurse. But books aimed at black readers may reflect identical gender stereotypes. In *Doctor Sean* by Petronella Breinburg. Sean plays a doctor while his sister plays — nurse. (Illustrations by Errol Lloyd.)



I helped Sean to put on his doctor's gown. Round his neck he had that thing doctors use to listen to people's chests.

I HAVE, however, been offered in evidence, paper by Rosemary Stones, entitled *Ethnic Minority Presentation In Trade Children's Books Published in Britain in the 70s*. At first sight the charges in this paper look horrific. Could Kestrel really have published, in the Seventies, a book, *The Travels of Livingstone* which 'presents Africans and Arabs alone as responsible for slavery'? Could Collins have published a book (*Here are the Brick Street Boys*) with offensively comic pictures of black people? Could there be a newish novel (*Wilkin's Tooth*, Macmillan) in which a West Indian boy is 'constantly referred to as "that blue and orange nig"?' Could someone have written a serious historical novel about the Middle Passage (*The Slave Dancer*, Macmillan) with a racist impact?

Well, not quite. The book which presents 'Africans and Arabs as alone responsible for slavery' is a naively Christian life of Livingstone. The text is very brief, and perhaps dangerously simple, but it does contain, on the second page, the words:

Only the British, Dutch and Portuguese had built forts there [Africa]. They were interested in finding riches inland, and in the slave trade, which was the most shameful practice of the age, and went on even after it was supposed to have been abolished.

Here are the Brick Street Boys is a comic-strip picture book, showing an ethnically mixed group of children, all of whom are depicted in the same style. Ms Stones says the 'constant abuse' of a West Indian boy in *Wilkin's Tooth* 'Requires a context — why do people who make these racist remarks do so, and what does the victim of this racist abuse feel about it?' In fact, while not offering a sociological analysis, this light-hearted book *does* give the words complained of a context in fictional terms — the words are uttered only by a detestable bullying child.

The criticism made of *The Slave Dancer* — that the viewpoint of the slaves themselves is missing from the book, and that none of them have names — is particularly hard to stomach. Paula Fox, an American writer, respecting the American black community's repeated assertions that no white writer can understand enough to write from within a black character has nevertheless written a masterpiece of its kind; complex, dark and humane. How anyone who has read as far as the emotional bombshell at the end of the book could assert that the viewpoint of the slaves is absent is hard to

nom; anyone interested in these controversies should certainly find and read *The Slave Dancer*, and judge it for themselves.

Of title after title in this paper the criticism is misguided, nit-picking, aggressively humourless, or barely literate. One learns very quickly not to believe a description of a book by a vigilante critic without checking the book for oneself. Which is not to say that there is nothing in any of it. Ms Stones's paper convinces me that there are traces of post-colonial attitudes lingering in our post-colonial society. These have occasionally betrayed writers into unconscious lapses of tact towards possible readers in our now multi-ethnic society. But over-all, children's books, far from being a hot-bed of racism, are far more sensitive and progressive about race than the prevailing attitudes in our society, and other influences on the formation of opinion.

THE 'CHOICES' which the new criticism allows white children's writers are those of the devil or the deep blue sea. Whatever attitude we adopt we are wrong. We could be Eurocentrist, and racist by omission (i.e. write books not about the multi-ethnic society) or we could be guilty of 'tokenism' (i.e. write books with only one or two characters from minority groups) or, with those good intentions that Ms Stones tells us are not enough, we could write directly about ethnic minorities, and merely be inadvertently patronising. We could be openly racist, writing a bad or imperfect character of minority race, or we could write a noble or good black character, 'consciously or unconsciously writing to re-assure white readers'.

If you suspect I am exaggerating the pressures on authors, then consider the 'Criteria for the Evaluation of Racism' published in *The Children's Book Bulletin* No. 1, edited by Ms Stones. They include, under 'questions to ask about authors', the following: 'How and where has the author acquired his or her education?' 'What is the author's social origin?' This is neither criticism, nor a search for racism, but witch-hunting.

What about sexism, meanwhile? Writing for children is predominantly a female occupation, and an educated occupation. If what is meant by 'sexism' is elements in a book that might injure the young reader by offering a humiliatingly narrow or menial view of the possibilities of life for women, then it does not seem to me to be a very immediate danger, at least not in works of fiction being written now. But there are some very extreme definitions of sexism around. For some people it is sexist ever to portray little girls as tender-hearted, or little boys as brave and active, and praiseworthy to portray them the other way round. With a fervour reminiscent of Christian didacts of the 19th century, some people think it wrong to portray for children the world as it is or was, and believe instead it should be shown only as it ought to be; sanitising reality in order to change it. There is plenty of children's fiction around which is 'sexist' in the sense that it is descriptive rather than prescriptive. Opinions about human nature which are not those subscribed to by extreme Women's Liberationists are very widespread in our society, and completely removing them from children's books would mean suppressing the views on human nature of many, perhaps most people. It would surely be better in this situation to expend effort writing and publishing new books written from new points of view, rather than in attacking and blacklisting books written from other people's points of view.

New Statesman 28 November 1980

JOHN MURRAY

Private View

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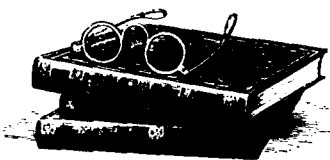
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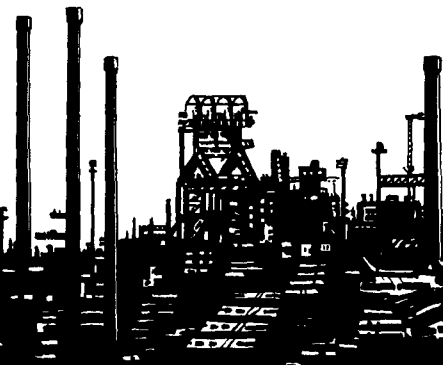
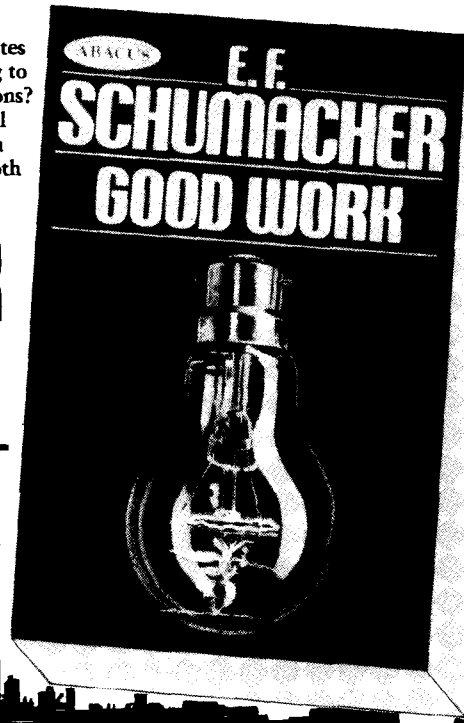


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ABACUS

A background of general ignorance and indifference about children's books is the worst possible one against which to conduct this debate. Readers of this article who would like to brief themselves might start with *Written for Children* by John Rowe Townsend (Pelican) or the National Book League's annotated catalogue, *25 Years of British Children's Books*.

I will rejoice at the arrival on the scene of more writers from ethnic minorities. I agree that it matters what children read; the content of what they read matters, but the content of a book should be judged whole, not by scrabbling through it for odd phrases to quote out of context — out of fictional context if we are talking of fiction — nor by using 'Guidelines' which bid fair to prevent us from depicting the real world even for long enough to condemn it.

Children: over 12

Gillian Wilce

Teen Tales

The best of writing for older teens shades into adult fiction and there is a similar blurring of boundaries at the junior end of the spectrum. Leon Garfield's *John Diamond* (Kestrel £4.50), for example, will be enjoyed by the eager reader of nine and upwards. From William James's first hearing the dreadful 'shuffle-drag . . . shuffle-drag' of his dying father's footsteps to the final re-appearance of Shot-in-the-head, stinking of 'Whitefriars and Blackfriars and Shoreditch and the Great Fleet Ditch', it's a thoroughly satisfying adventure. So well established is Leon Garfield's skill that it is easy to take it for granted. All the more of a pleasure, then, to record that this book has been given the Whitbread Children's Book of the Year Award. *Freedom*

Fighter (Oxford £3.95) was Carlo Picchio's only novel. In it, 13-year-old Spud achieves his ambition to fight with the partisans against the German occupiers of Rome. The state of being over-run by an enemy is the background, but the foreground is an exciting, well-paced story. Misery is eased in action and heroism is possible.

Hans Peter Richter sees the war — all war — quite differently. The German narrator of *The Time of the Young Soldiers* (Kestrel £3.95) is 14 and patriotic in 1939; when the war ends he's 20, maimed and past caring. He records his experiences in episodes — the stupid, grinding humiliation of training, boredom and fear at the front, friends of his father's embarrassed to sit down in the presence of the 18-year-old officer. The author intended to show the cruel, vacuous, wastefulness of war, and succeeded strikingly.

It is hard to believe that this is the same war in which Maureen Piggott finds her boarding-school fantasy fulfilled when her school is evacuated (*Piggy* by Sheila Ward Ling, Dennis Dobson £3.95). In spite of sanitary towels and a homosexual character, the book has a curiously old-fashioned flavour, and this is not entirely due to the evocation of black-out and rationing. School stories are unusual now, and present-day teenagers in books live at home. Frances in *The Fox in Winter* by John Branfield (Gollancz £4.95) lives with her single, district-nurse mother. The main matter of the novel is Frances's relationship with 90-year-old Tom Treloar. It's an unforced, relaxed story which avoids dealing with old age as a 'problem', although it certainly brings problems. *So Who Hasn't Got Problems?*, as Marjorie Franco says (Faber £3.95). Her 13-year-olds have problems with shifting friendships and coping with the first solemn kiss. It is bright, pleasant and quite astute, with perhaps a mite too much breezy talk about how to become a 'decent human being'.

But then teenage can be a time of considerable priggishness and natural self-

absorption. Lucy Rees's Julie, in *Horse of a* (Faber £5.25), is on the contemporary quest for her own identity, battered on the way by stormy family relationships and near mental breakdown. The latter part of the book is a curious amalgam of the traditional 'own-your-own-fantastic-horse' dream and a journey which takes in communes and a matter-of-fact laying aside of virginity en route. Another teenage odyssey is made on bikes by Stephen and his mates, cycling from Birkenhead down through Shropshire (*Valley with a Bright Cloud* by Gareth Lovett-Jones Methuen £4.95). Serious talk and thought about the environment and the future, childish horseplay and slightly uneasy chat about getting laid are perfectly blended and Stephen's pre-occupation with the visual, the power of landscape, is almost literally an eye-opener. But I didn't for a minute believe in the concluding ghost story.

'Green' in Roy Brown's *Collision Course* (Andersen Press £4.50) has identity problems in a big way. He doesn't know who he is or what he is doing. Stumbling away from mental hospital, he makes his way down to London and into touch with Samaritan Keith. The feel for place is good, but it's a pity that Green's vivid confusion and flux of feeling are eventually unravelled to quite such a detective-fiction extent.

Jan Needle's multi-toned short stories (*A Sense of Shame* Deutsch £4.50) reflect the muddle of life for white adolescents in a multi-toned community. Often set in northern towns, as easy with the offspring of professors as with the children of textile workers, the stories deal, with humour as well as compassion, in the cross-currents of inherited prejudice and ideological tolerance, romantic notions and actual fact, individuals and groups.

According to novels in the fantasy-future category, life won't be getting any simpler. In *Landfall on Innis Michael* (Dennis Dobson £3.95), Fay Sampson postulates a multi-racial community dedicated to guarding, on a

What publishers and librarians say

Who really does the washing-up?

Let me start at the kitchen sink. If 80 per cent of Britain's washing-up is done by women, it is not unreasonable that an illustrator wanting to show someone washing up should choose to show a woman. The danger is that a child may read 20 books, each showing women washing up, and conclude that men never do, and perhaps never should, wash up. So shall I be the only publisher whose books always show a man at the sink, in a lone attempt to set the balance straight? Or should all children's publishers and authors unite to change the world — and daringly show *only* men mastering the hot and cold taps?

To introduce an automatic dish-washer would of course attract a charge of classism.

Victorian writers are notorious for inculcating good (quiet) behaviour and approved attitudes to God, death, the squire and other classes of society (though in fact their range was wider) and some authors argue that the current pressure from vociferous groups such as the Children's Rights Workshop against books with attitudes described as racist, sexist, ageist (a new one: watch for it) and classist is putting an unreasonable emphasis on new 'approved attitudes' at the expense of other vital qualities in writing for children.

Of all the 'isms' to be combatted (and in my view they all are) racism is surely the most urgent and important. For this reason I published a series of

photographic books about families from minority cultures in Britain. The reception has largely been favourable, and children clearly respond to the photo-journalism approach. But I find it disappointing that the books are bought only in areas with large non-white populations, or alternatively for the comparative religion shelf. I believe children in Beccles and Esher need a broader understanding of our society as well as those in Southall or Handsworth.

Paul White, Director Educational and Children's Books, A. & C. Black

'Over-emphasis and a simple subject may rob a book of its credibility . . .'

Efforts to produce non-sexist/racist books have tended in the past to result in ludicrous overstatement of the case (early titles from the Writers' and Readers' Publishing Cooperative, for example), or in bland stories so careful to avoid giving offence that they fail to have any impact at all. From their earliest days, in all forms of communication, children are presented with stereotypes; perhaps the healthiest answer, for both attitudes and literature, is the type of balanced, positive approach demonstrated in Gene Kemp's award-winning *The Turbulent Term of Tyke Tyler* (Faber, 1977) where the story works well whether or not the reader is caught by the twist at the end. Over-emphasis on a single aspect may rob a book of its credibility, and hence of its ability to please.

Sue Reeder, Librarian-in-Charge Work with Young People, Croydon Library

'I think the terms racist and sexist are unhelpful because . . .'

I think the terms 'racist' and 'sexist' are unhelpful because they obliterate all gradations and turn everyone who doesn't think exactly on the same lines as the reviewer into an enemy.

Because children are inexperienced and tend to accept the outlook of the book they are reading at the moment I do feel publishers have rather more responsibility in the field of children's books than elsewhere, and that they ought to question opinions that strike them as socially harmful. At the same time, I think it is undesirable that reviewers should approach books in an inquisitorial spirit, determined to detect heresy even if it isn't immediately apparent. 'Moral vigilantism' is a fair description of this attitude and it has certainly created alarm and despondency among authors, who, however liberal their views, are coming to feel that anything they say will be misinterpreted.

I feel that the pressure is not so much towards presenting only morally acceptable images as towards producing a particular type of story, with a contemporary working-class setting, a firmly realistic approach and a demotic style. We have published excellent books of this kind (such as Gene Kemp's *The Turbulent Term of Tyke Tyler*) but to force all stories into the same mould seems the way to bore both children and authors. I think it is delusion to suppose that children *always* want to see their own lives reflected in fiction.

**Phyllis Hunt, Children's Books Editor
Faber and Faber**

remote Atlantic island, the world's nuclear waste and plutonium supplies. The central idea — as ambiguous as the three symbolic rockets standing high above the island where the ousted community's church once stood — is the most haunting thing about this book. The most haunting thing about Lionel Davidson's *Under Plum Lake* (Cape £4.50) is its illustration. The text is disappointing. The world below the sea, parts of it 'so fantastic there are no words for it', has no compelling rationale and touches no ethical nerve.

Future generations, it seems, will have difficulties in procreating. Nicholas Fisk's characters in *A Rag, A Bone and a Hank of Hair* (Kestrel £3.95) are, therefore, experimenting with cloning people from fragments buried during the second world war. Re-created Forties' domestic scenes are counterpointed with samples of his somewhat standard future world. The book is occasionally exciting, but lacks the extra tension which could usefully have come from a genuinely felt difference between past and future people. Such a difference is never in doubt in John Rowe Townsend's *King Creature, Come* (Oxford £3.25). The precious Persons, few in number and mainly pre-occupied with their Dimension Game, recoil with distaste from the colonised Creatures who live outside the dome in a city as seething with life as Leon Garfield's London. It's a wholly attention-demanding narrative, yet resonant with questions of politics, religion, mind and emotion.

The Creatures' lives are governed by their need to scrape a living somehow (many are servants of the Persons and writing, for example, has become a rare and saleable skill). Work is also — too rare an occurrence, this — taken seriously in Barbara Willard's *A Flight of Swans* (Kestrel £4.50), the last of her Mantlemass series. The story includes the growing up of Roger Jolland but does not rotate around his feelings. It is set in a 16th-century world, but one remote from the usual Elizabethiana, one in which people live by iron-forging in the forests of Sussex, a trade which 'come like a fever and never let a man go'. It encompasses treachery, with Englishmen spying for Spain, and loyalty stretched all ways by conflicting claims. It manages accent without parody and has a rhythm which is almost incantatory, suggesting a bedrock of meaning, if only in the turning seasons of the forest.

Another whole world and its accents are manifested in Farrukh Dhondy's stories (*Poona Company* Gollancz £4.95). The streets of Poona are alive with humour and gossip, the survival of the fittest and communal hatreds. Not that the words 'communal hatreds' would ever fall from the lips of our narrator, commonly known as *nalha*, 'small one'. He grows up in and around in the cafés, listening and looking, sharing the general satisfaction when Dr Minocher Toot gets his come-uppance, noting how Samson comes to bring the Parsee funeral bearers out on strike, following the inter-communal fortunes of one Confession D'Souza, who renames himself Prabhat in token of his rejection of the once-emulated Jesuits — and all because of an incident involving a dirty bookshop and a football match — goes on to campaign through the local *Messenger*, falls in love with a rich Moslem girl and ends up, almost casually, dead. This is the work of a natural story-teller, entertaining and funny and truth-telling in a way that no lesson about other cultures could ever be.

New Statesman 28 November 1980

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Savage Edge

ANDREW CLEMENTS reviews the latest piano record releases

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli is tempted so rarely into the recording studio that each new release immediately becomes a treasurable icon. So a performance of Beethoven's first piano concerto with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 302), taken from a televised concert in Vienna in September 1979, is an official response to the many pirate discs of Michelangeli's live appearances which are in circulation. The piano may be placed closer to the microphone than is usual and the audience occasionally contributes restrained coughing to the pauses between movements, but otherwise the sound is blameless. If anything the closeness of the perspective enhances the complete mastery of Michelangeli's astounding playing.

For those of us unlucky enough not to have heard him in recital (and he has said he will not visit London again) the realisation that the technical perfection of his discs is exactly reproduced in performance is both reassuring and awing; this record may not provide the definitive account of Beethoven's first piano concerto but it should be acquired by anyone with even a passing interest in the condition of contemporary piano playing. Michelangeli is not above playing fast and loose with the text: grace notes and attacks are given a savage edge, and many of the gestures have a grandiloquence that almost goes beyond the bounds of the musical language. In this he receives noble support from Giulini, and as if to underline the majesty Michelangeli chooses to use Beethoven's third cadenza for the first movement written in much later life, making it into the focus of the whole performance, presenting all the elements of his mirror-polished art in an astonishing display.

The contrast between Michelangeli and Arturo Schnabel could hardly be more pointed. EMI are now making available Schnabel's Beethoven sonatas, until now only to be purchased as expensive Japanese imports. The first volume takes in the seven sonatas up to Op. 10 no. 3 (EMI RLS 753, three records). Schnabel's Beethoven, or more often the lip-service paid to it, has served as a yardstick by which to measure other interpretations in the 40 years since these performances were recorded. The transfers from 78s have brought up the sound to be thin yet distinct, and the qualities of Schnabel's playing are well conveyed. Those virtues do not include sovereign command of the keyboard: there are finger slips in nearly all the performances. Yet it matters not all; the grip upon the largest of Beethoven's structures (the great Largo of the E flat major sonata Op. 7 especially) is clear and far-sighted, phrasing is by turns softly malleable and steely, and every movement is riven with a certainty and drive that was the product of many years of performance and contemplation.

In the companion set of the Beethoven concertos (released through EMI's subsidiary World Records, SHB 63, four records)

Schnabel is partnered by Malcolm Sargent and the London Symphony and London Philharmonic Orchestras. Not only because Schnabel re-recorded the set after the second world war, these performances seem less central, less essential listening. For all the mastery, insight (interestingly like Michelangeli Schnabel plays Beethoven's final cadenza for the first concerto) and the elemental fire, the complete understanding of the works' humour and wit, there is less consistency. Technical failings begin to matter here; movements sometimes fail to settle down or take wing.

Plunging deeper still into EMI's apparently endless archives, a two-record set of Walter Gieseking's Debussy again sets up a standard for comparison (EMI RLS 752). The two books of Preludes are the most important works included, and the first book at least invites immediate juxtaposition with Claudio Arrau's new account (Philips 9500 676). Arrau seems the least likely Debussy pianist one could imagine; where the strength of Gieseking's playing lies in his suppleness and purity, especially in the slower, more reflective preludes, Arrau provides deeply pondered, ingrained rubati and a solid, plummy piano sound. Yet both in their way are effective.

Despite the plethora of young pianists busying themselves to catch attention, there are relatively few whose quality seems certain and predictable. Alongside Maurizio Pollini can be placed Martha Argerich and more recently Krystian Zimerman as the most important players of the younger generations. Pollini's most recent disc (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 197) is his first recorded venture into chamber music. His partnership with the Quartetto Italiano is potentially unsurpassable: the finest readily accessible pianist with the world's greatest string quartet. But Brahms's Piano Quintet is only a partial success. Pollini is very much in the driving seat in interpretative and recording terms: the Quartetto often abandons its familiar fond warmth and substitutes something of its pianist's clear-eyed force, and the sound balance places the piano invariably to the fore. The central movements — the andante and scherzo — are splendid, the phrasing of the first limpid and sustained, the second driven with unflagging energy. But at the beginning and end there seems less concentration, less involvement in the wordy processes of Brahms's writing.

Argerich's coupling of the two familiar Chopin sonatas (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 289) brings together recordings from 1968 and 1975. The B minor sonata was recorded only three years after she won the Warsaw Chopin Competition and the demonstration of such a turbulent, almost ferocious talent, tempered only by a deeper poetry in the B flat minor sonata, is breathtaking. As she has matured, so Argerich's appearances have become less reliable, but she is still an enormously compulsive talent, more exciting in performance than any other artist I've heard.

Zimerman, like Pollini and Argerich a win-

ner of the Warsaw contest, is still only 24. His disc of Chopin's second piano concerto and the *Andante spianato et Grande Polonaise* (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 126) has the great advantage of Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic in attendance, though the piano still occupies a privileged position in the sound picture. Zimmerman remains a cool, perfectly poised artist, the master of delicate shading; his version of the concerto misses some excitement, but the *Andante spianato* is taken more seriously and conscientiously than this rather empty display piece perhaps deserves. It is nevertheless a distinguished issue, and one hopes that Zimmerman may be now allowed to record music that will exercise his musical intelligence more completely.

As an example of intelligence brought to bear upon musical text and subtext, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's newest version of Schubert's *Die Winterreise* serves perfectly (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 118, two records). Fischer-Dieskau has recorded the song cycle four times before, and it's tempting to regard the new version as a *summa* of a distinguished career. In many ways that is true: his voice may not now be quite as sure and fine-grained as it was 10 years ago, but the control and colouring are more intricately worked than ever, the response to verbal inflection more acute.

Yet the great bonus lies in the piano playing. The accompanist is Daniel Barenboim, not by any means a favourite pianist of mine, but here quite perfectly attuned to the world of feeling in *Winterreise*. The combination of virtuoso singer and pianist can often lead to a division of focus, each trying to outdo the other. But here Barenboim is tact personified: keyboard detail is crisply presented yet always subordinate to the vocal line. Barenboim's contribution has evidently encouraged Fischer-Dieskau to rethink many details of his performances and the result is the most consistent and recommendable of current versions of this elusive work.

A re-coupling of some of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Wolf recordings (EMI SLS 5197, two records) is also an essential addition for anyone building up a lieder collection.

Ballet

In White

STEPHANIE JORDAN writes her first review as our Ballet/Modern Dance critic.

London Contemporary Dance Theatre
Sadler's Wells

In terms of attracting near-capacity audiences, London Contemporary Dance Theatre is surely our most successful modern dance company. It is distressing to learn that, after 11 London seasons, the losses from performing in the city's larger theatres might soon prove more than the company can withstand. Despite such uncertainties, the company eased itself confidently and gently into its latest season at Sadler's Wells. Two new works by the company director Robert Cohan and associate choreographer Siobhan Davies were followed by *Cloven Kingdom*, choreographed by the American Paul Taylor for his own company in 1976 and set on LCDT last year.

Field is one of Cohan's more pleasing works. He is best in mood pieces when he lets movement emerge and suggest relationships between dancers without succumbing, as he so often has before, to ruinous theatricality and pretentious symbolism. His own programme note quotes a passage from John Berger's *About Looking*: 'The field you are standing before appears to have the same proportions as your own life', while another note confirms my view that the real subject is 'impressions and thoughts on crossing, sitting in and watching others in a field'.

Alone at first, Kate Harrison discovers that this field is the ideal place for contemplative movement. Successive dancers think likewise. There is a sensitive trio in which the individuals lightly toss movement signals one to another: Anca Frankenhaeuser, regal and exotic in mauve harem pants, Lenny Westerdijk tomboyish in pink Bermudas, Christopher Bannerman puckish in green. Patrick Harding-Irmer appears, athletic, in shorts, enjoying the freedom of the space under an imaginary sun. Later, in white, he accompanies Harrison in a soft central duet, which perhaps explains why he has got away with doing so little up to that point. Eventually, everyone is in white: identities merge, evening sets in. Harrison is last on stage, retracing her steps.

It is difficult to sustain audience involvement in quietude and languor. In 30 minutes of *Field*, Cohan has not solved this problem by transforming bold opening statements into eventual stasis. An open-air birdsong soundtrack by Brian Hodgson actually rises in volume, yet is only an adequate backdrop. The costumes by Charter and Penny King are delicate and attractive.

Siobhan Davies's *Something to Tell* is a sensitive work about a woman's loneliness and sorrow. In this she is supported by Antony McDonald's striking Venetian blind set and costumes. Davies's partner, Robert North, in collar and tie, and she herself in black evening dress carry out 'several conversations as in a play' with various younger characters who perhaps represent aspects of her past. Davies and North are set apart from the rest in manner as well as costume.

Confronted by her guests who converse with her and among themselves, the woman, tense about the shoulders, often bowed in despair, is in need of her partner's protection. Corresponding to the final implied tonal resolution in the music, the woman resigns herself to her troubles and, to the melody 'Grant repose together with the saints', she dances in unison with the visitors who subsequently depart, leaving her and her partner alone once more.

Something to Tell has a less obvious structural outline than *Field*, fluently shifting between different combinations of dancers, onlookers and moods. There is fascinating variation of theme within the dance, notably in the pivotal duet between Davies and North. The woman meets a crisis through movement patterns expanded from standing positions and carried on to the floor or into lifts.

Taylor's *Cloven Kingdom* reminds us that beastly characteristics are never far beneath the surface in civilised society. With increasing vigour and brilliance, it alternates gross squats, bounds, pawings and writhings, with clean, dancery and sometimes grandiloquent movement. Broadway chorus-line formulae provide the language for these 'social animals'. At its best, the focus changes swiftly, the jokes are trenchant and unexpected, the

dancers playing them dead straight. A line of girls in evening dress sweeps gracefully across the stage, only the last two turning into brachiating apes as they exit. Frankenhaeuser darts across having suddenly acquired a gigantic reflecting ball sitting precariously on the back of her head. For the concluding knees-up, the whole company sports mirror headgear. The baroque elegance of Corelli's string music contrasts with a variety of percussion sounds arranged into a collage by John Herbert McDowell, providing the musical equivalent of the contrasting movement styles on stage. Further, by not consistently matching its counterpart in motion, this deliberately unsuitable musical blend ensures audience indigestion.

Much as they marvel at the brilliant unpalatability of this piece, audiences love its performers. Company regulars are on top form and younger dancers not so long out of the LCDT school show great promise. Let's hope that the important new work they offer will continue to be available to the large London audiences they so justly deserve.

Theatre—1

Benedict Nightingale

Green Tongues

The Irish Play by RON HUTCHINSON *Warehouse*
Space Ache by SNOO WILSON *Tricycle*
The Biograph Girl by WARNER BROWN & DAVID HENEKER *Phoenix*

Raymond Williams remarks somewhere on the lack of respect the Irish dramatists customarily display for the Irish people; and, though his thesis was presumably based on Synge's unruly peasantry and O'Casey's feckless proletariat, it receives fresh support from Ron Hutchinson's observation of his fellow-countrymen in mainland Britain. The principal diversion in the Irish club where his latest play is set, more appealing to the members than their bingo and snooker more even than the free-flowing booze, appear to be exchanging what Touchstone called 'th countercheck quarrelsome'. A look, a sneer and suddenly grey-suited men are bawlin 'Wolf Tone', or 'who shot Michael Collins?' or 'De Valera was worse for old Ireland than th potato famine'. The Dubliners are at the Limerick boys' throats, the Free Staters are aimin blows at the Diehards, and everything's in terrible state of chassis. 'You have disgrace yourselves again,' trumpets the club presider during a typical scrimmage, mimicking th words Yeats used to discountenance the Abbe rioters at the opening of *The Plough and th Stars*; but still the wrangling goes on.

No Englishman would dare write like th without first trebling his life-insurance, but N Hutchinson assumes an insider's licence ar presses the attack. Not only are his character wantonly fractious and myopically obsess with the past; they are, most of them, se interested, avaricious and hypocritical. T patriots are constantly playing greener-tha thou, yet are terrified of anything that mig associate their club in the public mind with t slightest hint of Sinn Fein.

ne committee members seem to see their duties primarily in terms of plundering the kitty and intriguing against each other; and when the president proposes to stage the historical drama that gives Mr Hutchinson's play its own title, his enemies snap up the opportunity. They begin by complaining that he ought to show the conquering Normans defeated by the Celts, or the medieval Irish seizing the means of production and distribution, or some other propagandist perversion of the facts; and they end by snitching the actors' costumes and breaking up a rehearsal, at which point the bar catches fire, the club fills with smoke, the roof caves in, and the combatants scramble for their lives. Then a little girl asks 'is it my turn next?', performs a grave jig, and plays a folk-tune on her recorder; and the whole emblematic entertainment ends on what is, one supposes, a note of fragile optimism.

This final image isn't original (John Whiting closed his *Saint's Day* in an almost identical way) and, under the circumstances, it seems pretty facile and sentimental. Is there no way out of the Irish vortex except by vague appeals to a new, cleaner generation? Mr Hutchinson surely can't believe so. The truth perhaps is that he himself suffers from the confusion of which he accuses his characters: a confusion at once political and dramatic, one that gives the play some of its undoubted interest, but helps ensure that this interest is as a symptom rather than as a focused diagnosis of the Irish illness. The playwright of whom it persistently reminded me wasn't Synge or O'Casey, but the late Brendan Behan, risen from the grave in a somewhat more proselytising mood than, one suspects, he fell into it. At best, it is funny and fun, though never as ebullient as *The Hostage* nor as witty as *Richard's Cork Leg*; at worst, it is an implausible shambles about an implausible shambles.

Space Ache is a bit of a shambles, too; but never meant to be plausible, involving (as it does) a trip through the solar system aboard a freighter seemingly concocted from old car seats and kitchen foil. Personally, I prefer my sci-fi satirical; and Snoo Wilson obliges, first with an Earth that concentrates the unemployed and other no-hopers into Campbell soup cans and leaves them to hover deep-frozen in space until a better time, second with a Neptune upon which the rich and fashionable treat themselves to gratuitous spare-part surgery and the sensation-seeking get their orgasms from obliging fruit-machines. It could all be much tougher, more concentrated and pointed: which is, I suppose, only to say that it has more in common with *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* than with *Gulliver's Voyage to Laputa*. Ken Chubb directs, as pacily as comprehension permits.

Musicals, to survive, presumably need either a captivating score or a gripping book; so I don't see much future for *The Biograph Girl*, which launches into the bitter West-End weather with nothing to protect it except a few smiles, a little charm, the odd melodic moment, and a superfluity of nostalgic affection for the days of Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett and the other luminaries of the speechless screen. A nice tight plot is what's wanted; and at times the authors seem to think they've found one in the career of D.W. Griffiths, who points a quivering finger at the gods and announces to an awed Gish, 'Babylon, Miss Lilian, I'm rebuilding Babylon for you'. But, like everything else, this ambles, peters, and vanishes, leaving you feeling you've seen and heard nothing except, perhaps, one lively dancer and singer: Sheila White.

New Statesman 28 November 1980

Theatre — 2

Paul Allen

A Winner

Black Ball Game by DON WEBB *The Crucible*
Studio Theatre, Sheffield

Complaining about fireworks displays on the grounds that the energy could be put to better effect — there are better ways of giving light, warmth and baked potatoes — has always seemed to me logical but cheerless. Don Webb's first stage play is a dazzler. It is worth celebrating that before moving on to wonder, puritanically, whether it is altogether decent for a play about racism and, to a lesser extent, sexism to be quite so full of commercial promise or quite such fun to watch.

It is set in the basement of a London hotel, where a sales consultancy (one boss, one worker) runs courses and conducts interviews, and it deals with the increasingly frantic attempts of these men to swing a major contract with a large company by showing they can pick the 'winner' out of six applicants for a sales job. Their problems begin rather irrelevantly with a hangover. Webb's earliest signal that he is ready to face in all directions for the sake of a joke comes in a description of the previous night's rampage by hooligan salesmen away from home. It includes the information that a waitress lost her knickers; he makes his characters disapprove but encourages his audience to laugh. What really sets the narrative going is the fact that the man obviously most qualified for the job under discussion carries the supreme disqualification of being black.

From this point the plot takes a number of dizzying developments apparently in its stride. I only realised afterwards that at least one twist was not quite credible, that another was telegraphed much too obviously and that the last one of all was simply a way of ending the play. The title itself is a multiple pun derived from a snooker game that depends on the final shot and Webb seems determined to match that intricate game's complexity.

But so much of modern writing about 'contemporary issues' is sententious, unspecific and full of rant that a play with *Black Ball Games*' capacity to entertain is a heady and exhilarating pleasure. Many of the gags are pointed as well as funny, notably the black salesman's crisply delivered observation that the one way he could disprove the old allegation about the size of black men's genital equipment would not actually serve to diminish racial tension. I enjoyed and admired the way Webb showed that different forms of prejudice are the same animal. I don't imagine many women will vote

Among this week's contributors:

JILL PATON-WALSH has published 16 books, 15 of them for children, including *The Emperor's Winding Sheet*, *Unleaving* and *A Chance Child*.

IAN BLACK, who is on the staff of the *Guardian*, is the author of a study of Zionist-Arab relations in the 1930s.

OSWYN MURRAY is tutor in ancient history at Balliol College, Oxford.

for the National Front after seeing the play. I just wish he hadn't let the whole thing boil down to a conclusion which amounted only to a V-sign in the general direction of wicked bosses, though the audience which enjoyed that might well have resisted something more challenging.

Andy Jordan's production plays it relentlessly broad, especially at the start. This makes the best of the jokes, but reduces the first 10 minutes — when characters and situations are being established — to 'funny walk' acting; and it means we never get to grips with the muddled head of the most interesting character around, the junior sales consultant who is dimly aware of the wrongness abounding in his chosen profession but lacks the moral or intellectual strength to beat it. Nigel Anthony's snarling Fascist ('the only way I'd buy anything from you is if you had a Kalashnikov in one hand and a panga in the other') is overdrawn but in its way definitive; the one absolutely bankable performance is Hugh Quarshie's as the black salesman. I'd buy anything from him.

Television

Julian Barnes

Biting the Bullet

If Edmund Wilson were still with us, he might have been tempted to reformulate one of his more celebrated sneers and ask, Who Cares Who Shot J.R.? As far as this column wanted it to be anybody, we wouldn't have minded it being Miss Ellie, the serenely beautiful Barbara bel Geddes, who must be pretty fed up by now with this most drivelling of serials. Alas, it wasn't; it was somebody else instead.

Two things struck one during the long-drawn-out denouement of *Dallas* (BBC-1). The first was the marathon mileage extracted from a shooting that wasn't even a killing. Given the number of deaths normally required in an American serial to make the viewer stir from his couch, this was a tribute to the hype: the BBC even ran their own publicity as a news story, incestuously interviewing shoppers about the hoped-for identity of the assailant. The second aspect of note was how the same BBC News failed to mention the most distasteful coincidence of the year: that the nation (or a reasonably large, reasonably thinking proportion of it) was panting to discover who shot J.R. on the anniversary of another Dallas shooting, far more real and far less solved, which took place on the precise day 17 years earlier.

But then this wasn't an abrasively informative week on television. *Panorama* ditched its planned sequel on organ-snatching after being cooled by the BMA. *Credo* (LWT) got bogged down halfway through a useful investigation into the sectarian rivalry between Celtic and Rangers football clubs (for ignorant southerners, it's not merely a Catholic-Protestant divide; there's also the Irish connection: as one Celtic supporter put it, 'We are an Irish team'); the programme hit a mild snag when Rangers FC declined to comment, or be interviewed, or allow filming inside the club. Other programmes (not to mention newspapers) might have taken this as a challenge rather than a bucket of

cold water. Perhaps *Credo* has too small a budget to probe very far, but it announced the club's obstructiveness in that all too familiar way: as if the TV programme were a court of law, and refusal to acknowledge the authority of the court could, and should, be read as evidence of guilt.

The Money Programme (BBC-2) also hit a screen of no-comment: in their case the security fence surrounding the Bic factory, where the biro firm is currently diversifying into the field of disposable razors. Rather more experienced at circumventing instructions to bugger off, *TMP* still managed a sharp-edged report on the current scrap for the right to wet-shave you. As always when big business solemnly addresses itself to the inherently trivial — 'It is our life blood, shaving', cried one Gillette executive (sometimes it's ours) — moments of comical seriousness abounded. The ethos often seemed less Harvard Business School than G.A. Henty, as when the top Wilkinson Sword man (two pounds of best Victorias in his voice) announced, 'We play team games in Wilkinson Sword, and I think if you look around you'll see a lot of fellows who want to shoot the pips out of the Frenchman's ace.' The Frenchman in question, the inaccessible and soon to be pipless Baron Marcel Bic, apparently has only two ambitions in the world: to win the America's Cup, and to control the wet-shaving market. He has entered for the America's Cup once so far, and got lost in the fog.

Likely to be lost in the fog around Lime Grove in the next few years are some of the good young directors blooded in the *Premiere* series (BBC-2). The 'IV' of *Premiere IV* compels one to a depressing sum: that means IV times five talented young directors who this time next year will be shooting lager commercials, or directing Cyril Fletcher in a gardening programme. Of the present series I especially enjoyed Tim Rose Price's adroitly low-key play about the forcible repatriation of Russian prisoners-of-war (director: Jonathan Lewis), and this week's offering, *The Silence of the Sea*. This famous Resistance short story (by Vercors, via Connolly and Thomas Ellice) turns on the sphinxian silence of a French uncle and niece towards the German officer billeted on them — a silence which serves as a metaphor of a wider refusal to fraternise. Technically hard to transfer to television — only the German speaks, and the weight of silence has to be given its due — the story emerged strong and unscathed, helped by careful performances from Michael Byrne and the grave, Greek-faced Fay Howard. Let us hope her silence doesn't infect Philip Bonham-Carter and the season's four other new directors.

Jenny Joseph Translation

It is no answer
To call with others' voices;
To wear their shoes
To paint their pictures.

This is our town
Our grit, our yobbos, we tussle
Hate breathed in living faces,
These black jackets open.

Dante's concretion
For us is pearl, enlightening.
Here now, the grit
Our oyster has it.

Films

John Coleman

Teachers' Pet

Move Over Misconceptions: Doris Day Reappraised NFT, 1—31 December.

The Falls Riverside Studios, 2—9 December

Jane Clarke and Diana Simmonds, arrangers and annotators of a month of 30 of Doris Day's 39 movies shortly to open at the NFT, have an honest end in view: to reclaim their chosen star from some facile generalisations. In their experience:

She is the subject of amused contempt among what we would describe as the post-68 generation; probably because she is 'remembered' as the Constant Virgin — the sexual tease who hung onto her virginity through thick and thin. On the other hand the post-war generation is more likely to 'remember' Day with nostalgic affection as the Girl Next Door who exemplified a reassuring and uncomplicated sexuality . . .

Both these memories, they rightly propose, are partial. More sinisterly, they are 'symptomatic'. Cue for the sound of feminist axes being ground, if not foregrounded. In the event, which is the publication of their *BFI Dossier Number Four*, £1.80, same title as the season, several of their points are sensibly made and cheerfully taken. DD — hereinafter referred to as Day — also appeared in biopics, notably as the suffering Twenties torch singer Ruth Etting in *Love Me Or Leave Me*, in melos, in musicals and in thrillers. What is more, in the Ross Hunter pillow-talk comedies of the Sixties she may generally be seen to be giving quite as good as she got in the sex war. Simmonds on 'The Girl Next Door' and Clarke on 'A Darker Side of Day' convincingly establish that by no means all is sweet, sound and sanitised, let alone submissive, in the frequently tacky movies she made.

So far, excellent — and the dossier is further enriched by a Compleat Filmography with 'notes towards a re-reading of key films'. One is in total accord with Clarke, Simmonds and Mandy Merck, who contributes a short essay, 'Travesty on the Old Frontier' (*Calamity Jane, It Happened to Jane* and *Ballad of the Josie*), in their clear conviction that there is no need to leave one's mind at home when setting out for the neighbourhood picture palace. (Though, by God, the temptation is often enough there.) What bothers me, rather, is their collective assumption that they are launching out into (if you will forgive the epithet) virgin territory. If a great deal of what they have to say is likely to register as irreproachable critical sense, it is because more than a few of us have felt similarly all along. For instance, a programme note in the new season's booklet has this to offer on *Send Me No Flowers*: 'It is funny to recall the cries of "tasteless!" and "sick!" that first greeted this uneasy but interesting black comedy.' Funny peculiar, maybe. Modesty will get us nowhere: my review of this particular item, back in 1965, concludes as follows:

A valiant script lifts this one well out of the swept and deodorised rut and Tony Randall, urgently and drunkenly engaged in his chum's demise-to-be, is only one of several fine professional clowns.

The *de haut en bas* proceedings of Clarke,monds and Merck, while mitigated by a certain modesty of tone, also lose out a little in their expression. ' . . . we would speculate here on the enduring fascination our culture has for the tragically dead': a rich field for mediumistic speculation indeed. Nor, lower down on the same, opening page of their introduction, does 'the repression of all but a closely bounded and repressed sexuality' inspire high confidence in what is to follow. Such demands for everyday literacy will probably be dismissed as nit-picking in some quarters. More's the pity. So long as the developing industry of close 'readings' of cinematic 'texts' and 'subtexts' displays an inability to come to grips with the basics of grammar, syntax and vocabulary, for so long will there remain a griping few of us deeply suspicious of its content. Meanwhile, there is a handful of excellent Days to enjoy during the month of December.

What felt like the month of November was spent the other afternoon undergoing Peter Greenaway's *The Falls*, a 185-minute pseudo-documentary based in the near future and apparently subsequent upon some Violent Unexplained Event, or VUE. Mr Greenaway is a British independent, here dependent on BFI Production money, greatly cherished for a few surrealist shorter films, of which the bird-orientated *A Walk Through H* is the most celebrated. The new, much longer work is ornithologically inclined, too, assembling as it does the mini-dossiers on 92 post-VUE survivors, mutants to a man, woman, and female man. Aiming at not much less than a global glance at an imaginary world, it draws its biogs from names beginning with Fall- in a compendious directory, from Orchard Falla through a Fallbutus family down to Anthior Fallwaste. Dry, inventive, facetious, straight-faced, and incorrigibly 'in', it is really a DUE, or Dull Unexplained Event. But its circular, self-referring tedium, as any cultist will explain, is the *whole point* of it . . . Fallacious.

Weekend Competition

No 2645

Set by Fluffy Flukin

Next week's comp will deal with the demise of *The Times*. But what if the Thunderer survives? Please pen a suitably Moggish leader announcing the sale of the paper to some grotesque inappropriate candidate (of your choice) and attempting to explain why this is A Goo Thing. Up to 100 tortured words by 12 Dec.

No 2642

Set by Ms de Meane

Compers were asked to anticipate the next edition of the *Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations* by providing quotes for the Eighties.

Report

By Fat Je

An excellent comp, marred only by the number of you who ignored our instruction that speakers must be British. Some quotes made because they seemed appropriate, others simply because they were good rib-ticklers. Three quotes for those printed, and copies of the *Dictionary* (donated, with the kindness we have come to associate with that firm, by Messrs Penguin) to Marks, Day, Yorke, Ransom Davies, Greenwell, Parrott, Foot, Ford and Piper.

Jana Richmond: 'What I'm trying to bring out in Hedda is that she didn't get enough of it.'

Michael Foot: 'I don't intend to hobble naked into the conference chamber.'

Sir Keith Joseph: 'I must have been crazy.'
NAOMI MARKS

Denis Healey: 'If you want to be leader of the Labour Party, you can call some of the people fools all of the time, or all of the people fools some of the time, but you can't call all the people fools all of the time.'

Diana Dors: 'If women had been meant to wear the trousers the Lord would have given them something to catch in their zips.'

Graham Greene: 'If Protestants didn't exist I'd have had to invent them, sometimes I feel I have.'
MAY DAY

Martin Amis: 'All novelists grow up to be like their fathers; that's their tragedy.'

Francis Pym: 'I just wanted to see if it worked.'
JIM YORKE

William Whitelaw: 'Torture has had a bad press.'
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Prince Charles: 'In constitutional affairs, I have always been of the opinion that one should keep mum.'

Roy Jenkins: 'Most of the boats I missed were empty vessels.'

Clive James: 'The rules of pornography are more honoured in the breeches than the *Observer*.'
BILL GREENWELL

Harold Pinter: 'Antonia. . . and. . . I. . . are. . . still. . . good. . . friends.'

Barbara Castle: 'In dramatising my diary I think the BBC see me as a kind of political Mrs Dale.'

Janet Baker: 'I earn ten times more doing punk.'
E.O. PARROTT

Francis Pym: 'If there were no Soviet threat then for all our sakes we should have to invent one.'

Prince Charles: 'Thinking often makes me unhappy; hunting never does.'

Margaret Thatcher: 'We believe in the freedom to heckle and of course the freedom to deal with it.'
P.W.R. FOOT

Lord Carrington: 'Of course I have the interests of the country at heart: I own most of it.'

Sir Geoffrey Howe: 'What our critics in the media fail to acknowledge is that we have got inflation down to triple figures.'
CHRIS FORD

Neil Kinnock: 'Michael Foot could become a leg-end in his own lifetime.'
R.F. PIPER

John Biffen: 'Things are going to get better before they get worse.'
GORDON S. LESSELLS

Denis Healey: 'I'm the George Lazenby of the Labour Party.'
SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

Lord Hailsham: 'Pray what is wrong with an ex Lord Chancellor doing Coca-Cola commercials?'
GERRY HAMILL



Tony Miles
Chess

No 207 Olympiad speculations

The English team for the Olympiad which started recently is, as usual since it is a young and improving team, probably our strongest ever. In board order it is myself, Stean, Nunn, Speelman, Keene and Mestel. With Speelman having just clinched his GM title and Mestel having been denied his only by several quirks of fate, this is virtually a full complement of active GMs, something scarcely credible five years ago let alone when we could barely muster half that number of IMs.

So, how will we fare? Well, the Russian squad of Karpov, Polugaevski, Tal, Geller, Balachev and Kasparov looks formidable but, as a team, they don't always perform to expectations. One contributory factor is probably their delegation of forty (!) which tends to get involved in internal disagreements to the detriment of their chess. If they do win I suspect it will be due to the young

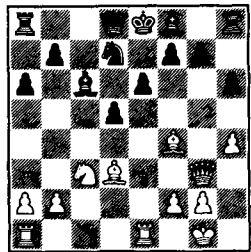
gentleman on board six mowing down the opposition. Back at the English team, Nunn and Speelman are very much in form, Stean and Keene are invariably solid in team events and even Mestel and I can produce a good game once in a while. As was clear from the last Olympiad the swiss system does not tend to produce run-away winners and if it is still close going into the last few rounds we have youth, some talent and, I hope, ambition on our side. I expect a medal. Reason suggests the silver but, as regular readers know, I don't like second place much and if we get a little luck (which the swiss system can provide) and produce a repeat of our Skara form then the gold is a very real possibility. Our women's team is Jana Miles, Sheila Jackson, Susan Caldwell and Claire Whitehead. With the Russian team having Gaprindashvili — who holds the male GM title — on bottom board (!) there seems only one possible winner. The Hungarians also have a very strong squad but, as with our men, we have a young improving team playing together for the third time, and we could well be in contention for the bronze.

A pleasant memory from Skara:—

White: S. Marjanovic **Black:** R. D. Keene
1.P-K4, P-KN3; 2.P-Q4, B-N2; 3.N-QB3, P-Q3; 4.P-B4, N-QB3; 5.B-K3, N-B3; 6.N-B3, 0-0; 7.B-K2, P-QR3! 8.P-QR4, P-K3; 9.P-KR3, N-K2; 10.P-KN4? P-N3; 11.N-Q2, P-B4; 12.PxP, NxpP; 13.N-B4, P-Q4! 14.Bxp, N-Q2; 15.BxN, QxB; 16.Pxp, B-N2; 17.Q-Q2, PxP; 18.Nxp, Q-K5; 19.0-0, BxN; 20.QxB, QxB; 21.KR-K1, Q-B7; 22.QxN, Qx-KBPch; 23.N-K3, QR-N1; 24.P-B3, KR-K1; 25.Q-Q6, QxRP; 26.N-B2, KR-QB1; 27.P-N5, Q-N4; 28.P-N4, QxPch; 29.K-N1, BxP; 30.R-Q5, Q-N7; 31.R(1)-Q1, BxP; 32.NxB, Q-B7ch; 33. K-R1, Q-B6ch; 34.K-R2, RxN. Resigns.

Problem 207

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 10 December.

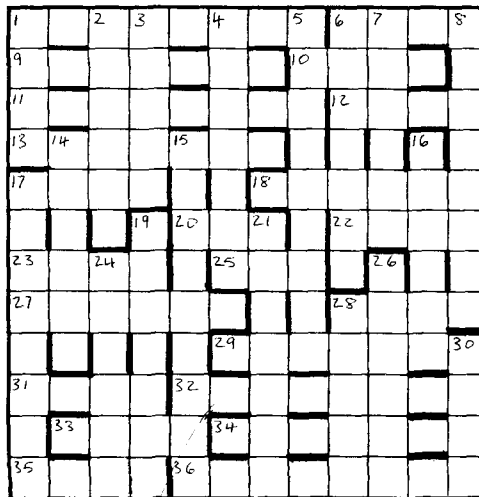


Solution to problem 205

1.P-K4, P-KN3; 2.P-Q4, B-N2; 3.N-QB3, P-Q3, 4.P-20.QxB, QxB; 21.KR-K1, Q-B7; 22.QxN, Qx however, 2.QxP? N-B7ch! Q-R1 (or Q-N2, P-R3);

Salamanca: 36
'Poet's Corner'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 36, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 9 December.



Ordinary lines contain (among other irrelevancies) (i) a definition in one or more consecutive words, and (ii) the hidden or otherwise jumble of the answer's letters. (In 27, i & ii overlap; and 28 is a Scots word.) Chambers 1977 is recommended for these. The 10 asterisked lines contain (ii) only and the answers will be seen to be relevant to the title

ACROSS

- *1 The day in gown bright crimson shines
- 6 Across the court-house grey sky blues
- 9 And, like a sombre saint, subdues
- 10 With misadventurous designs;
- 11 Real evergreens reach for the shower
- 12 Among the trees in perfect lines;
- *13 An odious serpent hides in vines
- 17 And spoils this army's perfect flower:
- 18 I roam in tune with all the fates,
- 20 With lunar joy I rule entire
- 22 This demi-Eden, and require
- 23 To judge, as eyesight indicates;
- 25 Among polled oaks and stones beside
- 27 My carriage glides above the ground,
- 28 To spare this garden I have found,
- 29 Its routes and roads unsatisfied;
- 31 For me, the old ditch is no tomb

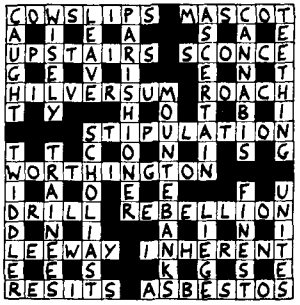
- 32 Just to enclose this inner tree,
- 33 But stainless glass, in which to see
- 34 Nature, wood-buried in her room;
- 35 Her many secret longings flee
- *36 With sunny notes across the lea.

DOWN

- 1 Now such brash lines the poets toast
- 2 And turn to face the covert boast,
- 3 While birds bring other news;
- 4 Men sail the Hebridean coast,
- 5 Soot chokes the cottager's red hues,
- *6 Pink lights adorn the mews,
- 7 The regimental royalist
- *8 His sons and heirs confuse
- 14 With Phrygian apples, protein kissed,
- 15 The music-writer cries at Liszt,
- 16 And I fear every magic land
- *17 Where Dracula may seize your wrist,

- *19 Where ships sink to the decks in sand
- *21 And brush on Jonah's hand;
- *24 Like windy derelicts asleep,
- 26 As optic lures my courtyards stand—
- *28 Such yards, in dust kneedeep,
- 30 Their endless secret keep.

Solution to No 1363



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APPOINTMENTS

Ecuador Coordinator

needed to administer the existing development programme involving the placing of skilled personnel in small-scale community-based projects and to investigate and evaluate further projects. Previous South American experience, community work experience in the UK and involvement in development work either in the UK or in the Third World important. Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis are welcome to apply.

Somalia Coordinator

needed to administer the existing programme consisting of a number of health workers and other skilled personnel working in a refugee self-help project in the north of the country and to investigate the possibilities of further projects. Candidates should have as much of the following as possible:

- *knowledge of the situation in the Horn of Africa
- *overseas experience preferably in Africa
- *experience of working in community-based projects
- *administrative experience

Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis are welcome to apply. Minimum two year contracts. Pre-departure and resettlement grants; return air fare and additional return air fare to annual London conference; medical and other insurance cover; salary which is related to local rates which is low; intensive language training.

Write to:

**CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace,
London NW1. 01-487 4397.**

for further information and sending full details of your previous experience. Please quote ref. NS3.



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international**

requires a full-time



TEMPORARY EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

(for approximately four months from Jan. 1981 pending recruitment) to work in the Middle East Research Department. The Executive Assistant coordinates the work of the Researcher and AI's adoption groups providing information on the human rights situation in the Middle East.

Background knowledge of the area and fluency in Arabic and English essential.
Gross salary per month: £533.00 (index-linked, with next review 1 January 1981).

For a job specification and application form contact
**the Personnel Office, Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street,
London WC2E 7HF.
Tel: 01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

Closing date for the return of completed application forms: 12 December 1980

PROGRAMME OFFICER

needed in the London office of an agency working with community-based development projects in the Third World. Applicants should have as much of the following as possible:

- *experience of working in community-based projects
- *overseas experience
- *team work experience
- *administrative skills including typing
- *knowledge of the Middle East and/or Africa

Starting salary from £6,100. Please apply in writing to:

**The General Secretary, CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace,
London, NW1 4JL. 01-487 4397.**

Enclosing a curriculum vitae, and quoting ref: NS3.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

PRESS AND INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

The TUC has a vacancy for **AN ASSISTANT** in its **PRESS AND INFORMATION DEPARTMENT**.

The Department is responsible for arranging the production and printing of TUC publications as well as writing articles and press releases and dealing with enquiries from journalists. Experience of publication production will be essential.
Salary on a scale from £6,825 including London Weighting.
Further details and an application form from:

**The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Great Russell Street,
LONDON WC1B 3LS**

quoting reference P6

Applications close 12 December, 1980

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CO-ORDINATOR

Co-ordinator will be suitably qualified, with residential and staff management experience. S/He will manage and develop this new project within a democratic teamwork approach. In addition to the day to day management of the hostel, the Co-ordinator will be expected to assume responsibility with the Management Committee for the development of community provisions to enable homeless young people to establish an independent lifestyle. Required to sleep in on a duty rota basis — 40 hour week.

Salary £6,381-£7,077

Appointment **early February 1981**

Interviews will take place during the **week beginning 5 January 1981**

Application forms and further information from:

**Edinburgh Council for the Single Homeless, 4 Old Assembly Close,
High Street, Edinburgh EH1 1QX.
Telephone 031-225 1087.**

Closing date: 12 December 1980.

LEEDS TRADE UNION AND COMMUNITY RESOURCE AND INFORMATION CENTRE (TUCRIC)

COMMUNITY WORKER

£5,386 — £6,525

To develop existing contacts with local Trade Unions at branch, district and regional level; encourage links between unions and community/women's groups and share general enquiry and administration work.

The Centre, established in 1978, provides an enquiry and research service on a wide variety of community, union and women's issues. An extensive library is maintained. The Community Projects Foundation funds 3 posts as part of a team of seven, the remainder of whom are employed by TUCRIC.

Experience of the women's movement or of work with manual trade unionists would be an advantage as would knowledge of the Leeds area. A commitment to collective working and to serving the needs of affiliates is essential. Candidates should have a minimum of 2 years experience and a relevant qualification, or at least 3 years experience.

Closing date: 8.12.80. Interviews will be held on 17.12.80. Informal enquiries may be made to TUCRIC, tel: 0532 39633.

Application form and further particulars from:

**Personnel Officer, Community Projects Foundation, 60,
Highbury Grove, London N5
2AG. Tel: 01-226 5375.**

MONASH UNIVERSITY Melbourne, Australia

CHAIR OF ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for a Chair of Administration shortly to be vacated by Professor A. K. Collins. The Department wishes to appoint a Professor whose speciality lies in the behavioural sciences applied to management and/or business policy. There is a second chair in the Department held by Professor P. T. FitzRoy, whose interests lie in Marketing and Corporate Planning. Teaching and research supervision will be related to the Master of Administration programme, which provides studies directly to both business and public sector managements, and to executive development courses. Applicants should specify, in their applications, the area(s) of administrative teaching and research in which they have engaged.

Enquiries about the Department and its programmes may be directed to Professor P. T. FitzRoy in the University.

Salary: \$A37,151 p.a. Superannuation, travelling and removal allowance. Temporary housing assistance.

Information on application procedure and further particulars may be obtained from

**the Registrar, Monash University,
Clayton, Victoria 3168,
Australia, or the Secretary
General, Association of
Commonwealth Universities
(Appts), 36 Gordon Square,
London WC1H 0PF.**

Applications should reach
**the Registrar, no later than
15 February 1981.**

The Council reserves the right to
make no appointment or to appoint
by invitation at any stage.

LAW CENTRE

needs

3 new staff

to work with local groups and individuals on one or more of housing, employment, race and immigration or with young people. Either direct experience — for instance in a tenants association or immigrant group, or professional experience suitable. Some reception and administration.
For details contact:

**West Hampstead Law Centre, 222 Belsize
Road, NW6. Tel: 01-328 4501.**

OV SELECTIONS CATER for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level student with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odett Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agt), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

After a major internal reorganisation and reappraisal of priorities, the **NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS** seeks external applicants for the following vacancies:

Four posts in the Union's new London based, twelve person Research and Policy Department.

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To devise and operate systems for efficiently handling general welfare enquiries and routine casework — (Salary SAG).

International Officer

To be involved in research related to the European and international aspects of the work of NUS and maintain contact with other NUSES — (Salary SAG).

Overseas Student Officer

To research and disseminate information and handle a limited amount of casework on specialised areas relating to overseas students — (Salary SAG).

Departmental Secretary

To provide administrative and some secretarial support for the Research and Policy Department, including organising the circulation of information — (Salary PA/Sec).

Five posts in the Union's new Development and Training Department:

Three Regional Officers

To be based in Birmingham, Bristol and Hatfield (Herts). They will require proven negotiating and communicatory skills, be able to drive and have a knowledge of the student unions and local education authorities. (Salary RO).

Two Training Officers

(Based in London)

To organise and develop the Union's membership, executive and staff training schemes. Applicants must have previous training experience and be able to devise and make their own training aids. (Salary SAG).

One post in the new Central Services Department.

PA/Secretary

To complete a team of three PAs working for the Union's five London based, full-time Executive officers. The appointed will work primarily for the Vice-President Welfare and the National Treasurer. (Salary PA/Sec).

Salary Scales (Subject to final negotiation)

SAG	— Senior Administrative Grade (Maximum starting — £5,325)	£4,525 — £6,925 plus £700 London Weighting.
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FULL DETAILS AND APPLICATION FORMS

(Which must be completed and returned by

Tuesday, 9 December 1980.)

Are available by applying in writing, enclosing a large self-addressed envelope (24cm x 16cm) to:

**Appointments Section,
National Union of Students,
3 Endsleigh Street,
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is contemplating a major office building in central Birmingham for occupancy in 1985. The project will provide more space than ASTMS anticipates it will require. So, will any other trade union or similar body interested in becoming a partner in the project either on a capital provided basis or a long lease contact:

**Mr Clive Jenkins, ASTMS,
10-26A Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

Award

FILM AWARD

THE JAN DAWSON AWARD

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Applications are invited from independent filmmakers, film writers and those involved in independent British film culture.

The closing date for applications is

31 January 1981.

Guidelines can be obtained by writing to:

**The Jan Dawson Award, c/o R. Shah and Co. Ltd,
25 Newman Street, London W1.**

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BILINGUAL Anglo-Spanish male, 25, Honours degree from an English University; good appearance, intelligent and willing to work hard, (resident and work permit in UK). Wishes to join a company with opportunities. Very good references available. Please write. Box 23.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. S. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Group Sales Box Office 379 6061. All week special return season 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby' 'A Masterpiece' S. Times. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in premiere production 'The Irish Play' by Ron Hutchinson. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S'. Tonight, Fri. & Wed. 7.30 p.m., Sat 2 p.m. Peter O'Toole in 'Macbeth' directed by Bryan Forbes. Sat., Mon., Tues. 7.30 p.m., Wed. 2 p.m. 'The Merchant of Venice'.

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Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 436 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 436 9787.

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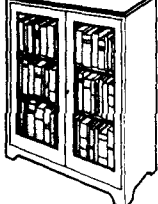
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Today - Fri. 12 Dec. Open weekdays 12-5.30 p.m.

Meetings

ADLERIAN SOCIETY: Jeffrey Baitman, Senior
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Adlerian Theory in Newham': followed by a general
discussion. 7.30 p.m. Tues. 2 Dec. Refreshments
from 7.15. Community Rooms, Millman St (East
Side) WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

BE CONSERVATIVE: smash the Tory Govern-
ment. Fri. 5 Dec. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion
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CHILE. The Struggle for Freedom. Juan Olivares
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EDITORIAL CENSORSHIP will be discussed by
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Committee Room, Houses of Parliament, SW1, at
6.30 p.m. on Tuesday 2 December. Admission free
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SHIRLEY WILLIAMS on 'Prejudice and
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THEOSOPHY: S.s.e. for pamphlets, book list,
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